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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

THE meeting of the Servian and Bulgarian Premiers on their frontier at the end of last week has at least delayed the outbreak of war which seemed then to be threatened. They have agreed that the Macedonian partition shall be discussed first of all by all four Premiers of the League in a common conclave, which will assemble shortly, probably at Salonica. It is well to keep the League in being; but if it is true that Servia and Greece are pledged to support each other against Bulgaria, the conclave will not include a mediator. Should it fail to reach a settlement, the dispute may be discussed further in St. Petersburg with M. Sazonoff, M. Delcassé, and Sir George Buchanan as arbitrators. Greece, meanwhile, has reached a *modus vivendi* with Bulgaria, which ought to prevent further conflicts between their outposts. A factor which should make for sobriety is the announcement of Roumania that she would not hold herself pledged to neutrality should an internecine war break out. The Ambassadors in London are now dealing with the Albanian question, and are said to have decided to secure Coritsa and South Albania generally for the new State, while giving to Greece practically all the Ægean Isles.

THE rejection of Mr. Borden's Naval Aid Bill by the nominated Senate has important effects upon the constitutional as well as the defence policy of the Dominion. It converts the struggle there into an attack by the Conservatives upon the constitution of the Second Chamber. That struggle was certain to come in any country committed to principles of direct self-government as soon as a dispute occurred in which popular feelings were strongly engaged. If the result of an appeal to the electorate is the return of Mr. Borden to power, considerable delay must occur in the execution of his naval policy. Mr. Churchill told the Commons on Thursday that the situation thus created "requires immediate action in order that the margin of naval strength necessary for the whole world protection of the British Empire may be adequately maintained" in 1915-16. This is clearly inconsistent with his declaration in March that these ships were to be "additional to the 60 per cent. standard." And last December Mr. Churchill said, and Mr. Asquith confirmed the statement, that "the aid of Canada should be an addition to the existing British programme."

SPEAKING last Saturday at the inauguration of a University Liberal Club at Oxford, Sir John Simon devoted a large part of an exceedingly impressive speech to describing the deficiencies of our land tenure, adding that they "had to bring Liberal ideas to the task of raising the economic level of under-paid labor as a whole, and the time to set about this task had surely now arrived." The speech is regarded as a semi-formal announcement that the Government has decided to push forward a policy of rural reform at an early date, possibly beginning with a proposal to establish Wages Boards in the backward counties. If, as we believe to be the case, the full report of the Land Inquiry instituted by Mr. George is now available, there ought to be no needless loss of time in placing the fighting Liberals of the country in possession of the general lines of the proposed reforms.

THE party discipline which almost led to a Government defeat last Monday, after three weeks' holiday, must be considered dangerously slack. The Opposition, turning up in force, were quite prepared, it seems, to throw to the wind all considerations of principle, and to vote for Mr. Snowden's "Labor" amendment to the Finance Bill, pledging them to an increase in the taxation upon "unearned incomes and large estates." The shortage of Liberal members was disclosed by the small majority, fifty-eight, which carried Sir Henry Dalziel's motion. Had a division taken place on the Snowden amendment, the Government majority would almost certainly have sunk below twenty, an ugly predicament, from which it was rescued by the motion for the adjournment of the debate.

THE passing of the Second Reading of a Scottish Home Rule Bill last Friday week is a reminder that Home Rule All Round has the formal and, we think, the real assent of the majority of Liberals in each section of Great Britain. Though Mr. Balfour warmly denounced it as injurious to Scotland, it was tolerably evident that his

dislike was based upon a clear perception of the fact that the early prospects of a wider devolution weakened the argument against Irish Home Rule. The case stated by the Secretary for Scotland in supporting the Bill was overwhelming. "Scotland had a different system of education, of poor law, a different Local Government Board, a different rating system, a different licensing system, a different legal system, and now a separate system of agriculture." In face of such facts, why should legislation on these matters continue to reside in a Parliament the majority of which must be ignorant of the nature of the laws they are empowered to pass?

THE debate on the second reading of the Home Rule Bill begins on Monday, when Mr. Balfour will move its rejection, and, in the interval, Unionist politicians have been tuning up for an orchestral display which threatens to eclipse their previous efforts. Mr. Lyttleton essayed the Orange drum at Cork on Saturday, threatening the Government not only with a rebellion in Ulster, but with the mutiny of any troops who were sent to suppress it. Lord Middleton, whose talent for army organisation should be a valuable asset to the rebels, supported Mr. Lyttleton, and prophesied that "Ulster within a year from now would have made as much change in Liberal opinion throughout the Empire as Bulgaria had made on the face of the world within the last year." We are given to understand that future developments will include a big platform campaign in this country, when Mr. Bonar Law will address a demonstration at Manchester, and a concerted descent by the Irish Unionist Members on the constituencies of North-East Ulster.

SOME notion of the spirit and temper which these gentlemen are evoking may be gathered from a letter printed in Tuesday's "Manchester Guardian." This document, which is signed "Loyalist," though duly authenticated with the writer's name and address, denounces the "lot of time-serving traitors in the Belfast Corporation" who had "the boundless audacity" to invite Lord Aberdeen to be present at the opening of a new abattoir in that city, and threatens to "blow the abattoir up some night rather than let him desecrate it by his presence." Still more illuminating are "Loyalist's" references to the Royal Family.

"As for our present Royal Family," he writes, "to tell the truth, we loyalists of Ulster have very little respect for them. And we have no right. The mother of our present Sovereign, Alexandra, was a supporter of the vile separatist policy of the late Mr. Gladstone. And I am afraid we must place King George and his wife in the same category. . . . If we are driven to it we will let His Majesty know what we will do. If he signs his name to this accursed bill, it will be fatal for him and his family. Our sainted forefathers had to call in a William before to defend their rights. We, their sons, may have to call another William to defend us from a faithless King, and venal, time-serving, opéra-bouffe Parliament. . . . P.S.—As you will see, I have placed the King's head downwards. It will convey to your mind an imperfect idea of what we really think of him."

ON Tuesday twelve packages of modern Continental rifles and bayonets, labelled "Electrical Plant," and without the name of any consignee, were detained by the Customs officials at Belfast. They had been despatched from Manchester in a small tramp steamer, and there are indications that the whole incident is nothing more than a characteristic bit of Orange bluff. Even so, the affair is not without gravity. Sir Edward Carson may think that wooden guns carry far enough, but some of his

dupes may interpret his language more seriously, and suffer in consequence. At any rate, it is high time to put an end to this trifling with treason.

THE revised Mental Deficiency Bill, which is admittedly a great improvement upon last year's measure, was carried through its Second Reading on Tuesday by 368 votes to 11. The figures represent a general acquiescence in the view that some provision for the feeble-minded is eminently desirable. But they are not incompatible with drastic amendments in the Committee stage. The Bill has already been strongly criticised by Mr. Wedgwood, Mr. Atherley Jones, and others, and some of its clauses will have to be very critically examined. As it stands, the Bill commits Parliament to the principle that a parent's right to his children may be taken from him, without even the allegation of any fault or neglect upon his part, provided that some educational official can satisfy a magistrate that the child is feeble-minded. This is carrying belief in officialism to a further point than has yet been attempted by either party.

WE are glad to see the formation of a Voluntary Service Committee, devoted to the exposure of the dangers of Conscription and the advocacy of voluntary service. For, though there is no ground for supposing that our people will knowingly commit themselves to Conscription, the verbal cover under which Conscriptionists are fighting may sometimes impose on the unwary. It is therefore necessary to expose the real meaning of Compulsory service, and to show that it is designed to support a Continental policy of which an expeditionary force, only voluntary in name, is the military instrument. We are glad to see that Colonel Seely has denied the reports that he is to take part in a debate on Conscription with Lord Roberts at the Eighty Club. And when we consider the explicit fashion in which Lord Roberts has already expressed himself we cannot conjecture what further information the Eighty Club expects to gain from his address, or how they hope to be benefited by his advice.

IN the second of two carefully-documented articles, the "Labor Leader" this week continues its analysis of the composition of the "War Trust" in this country. It has shown that the armaments ring is based on the combination of four great firms, Vickers, Armstrong, John Brown & Co., and Cammell, Laird & Co. That was generally known. What is much more serious is the evidence which it brings forward to show that these firms in turn are connected by sharing directors, or by direct holding, with practically all the firms in this country engaged in the manufacture of ordnance and munitions or in shipbuilding. So complete is the combination that only one firm, Scott's, of Greenock, now stands outside it. Interesting also is the analysis of the composition of the international Nobel Dynamite Trust, which has British, German, and French ramifications. The "Labor Leader," however, has not explained its connection with war. Its business, we believe, is mainly the supply of dynamite for mining. Another cosmopolitan company, now being wound up, is the Harvey United Steel Company, which was formed by the alliance of the leading armament firms in Great Britain, Germany, and France, and of banks in these countries, with many officers of all three among its shareholders.

THE controversy on the French Three Years' Service Bill more and more resembles the Dreyfus case, by

evolving innumerable subsidiary affairs as it proceeds. The reaction has developed an incredible insolence. The Government introduced an undesirable practice in debate by calling in a soldier, General Pau, to sit on its benches. In the course of the discussion a Deputy made the innocent remark that the military chiefs of the Army had been negligent in applying the Two Years' Service Law. Thereupon General Pau demonstratively quitted the Chamber, and M. Deschanel from the chair remarked that "no one here can intend to criticise the heads of the Army, who are the admiration of all." Another General has harangued patriotic demonstrators in Algeria, who broke the windows of an opponent of the Bill. Hard on this follows the refusal of the Paris police to allow some "Republican" students to place a wreath on the statue of Joan of Arc, "betrayed by her King and condemned by priests." The Radicals naturally make the most of these rather childish symptoms of reaction.

THE long subservience of the Russian Constitutional Conservatives to the bureaucracy has at last come to an end. The Duma, with the aid of the Octobrists, has, by a large majority, carried a resolution censoring the Ministry for continuing to govern by exceptional laws and the state of siege, for destroying all respect for the ordinary law, for delaying the reforms promised in 1905, and for sowing distrust among the various nationalities of the Empire. This is, indeed, a surprising vote, when one recollects how sedulously this Duma was packed. In the course of the debate the Octobrist leader, M. Shidlovsky even allowed himself to say that "the police soul" had taken possession of the Government, and that Russia, so far from having progressed since the Constitution was promised, is actually retrograding.

THE Australian general election has resulted in a baffling deadlock. Labor, after three years of power, confronted the middle-class coalition, in which the Liberal element predominates, led as it has been since Mr. Deakin's retirement by the ex-Trade-Unionist, Mr. Cook. In the elections to the House of Representatives, the Liberals have probably secured a nominal majority, which will at most amount to three. In the Senate, on the other hand, Labor has improved its position. The Constitutional referenda submitted by Labor have all drawn a fairly decided affirmative from the electorate. The Liberals, whose men attend badly, can be checked by the Senate if they avoid defeat in the Lower House. Labor cannot secure a working majority in the House, and yet is authorised by the referenda to carry out its large constructive programme. An early dissolution would seem to be the only way of escape.

THE notorious corruption of Magyar politics in Hungary has been exposed this week in an astonishing libel action. An Opposition deputy had called Dr. Lukacs, the Premier, a "Panamist," and accused him of receiving £140,000 from the Hungarian Bank in return for a salt monopoly and similar concessions. The charge is not indeed that the money went into his private pocket; it was used to fill the party war-chest, which is, in its turn, a fund for electoral corruption. Dr. Lukacs won his case in a lower court, but lost it on appeal, and is now adjudged to be in fact and at law "a Panamist." He has resigned, but a Government composed of the same elements under Count Tisza would be no improvement. There can be no reform in Hungarian public life until an honest franchise is created,

but that will mean the entry of the subject races into politics, and with them of the well-organised but almost unrepresented Socialist Party.

THE tale of suffragist outrages for the week includes the burning of Rough's boat-house at Oxford on Tuesday, that of an unoccupied mansion valued at £14,000 in Wiltshire, and a sensational and painful attempt to interfere with the Derby race on Wednesday. As the horses rounded Tattenham Corner, Miss Emily Davison, a militant suffragist who has served numerous sentences of imprisonment, left the enclosure and sprang at the King's horse, which was in the rear. Horse, jockey, and assailant all came down in a bunch, the horse turning a complete somersault and striking the woman repeatedly with its hoofs. The jockey was taken in an ambulance to the Grand Stand, but recovered sufficiently to leave Epsom the same evening. Miss Davison's injuries were more serious. She was taken to Epsom Hospital, where she still lies in a precarious condition.

A PAUSE in the recent multiplication of peerages is to be noted in the list of Birthday Honors, which in its more striking features is of social and artistic rather than political interest. Yet the politicians are not entirely overlooked. Of the three Privy Councillorships, one goes to Mr. Herbert Lewis, one of the most diligent of junior Ministers, another to Sir Alfred Mond, presumably in recognition of his untiring zeal in the cause of Free Trade, and the third to Lord Welby, one of the last of the famous official group formerly associated with Mr. Gladstone. A wide diversity of character and talent is embodied in the persons of the twenty-six new Knights, who, on the whole, may be said to be representative of law and learning, as well as of commerce. Of the seven baronetcies, the most unexpected and also the most interesting is that conferred on Mr. J. M. Barrie, who in Scottish literature—if the term is not too narrow—now shares this distinction with the greatest of his country's writers. But the theatre is equally honored in Mr. Barrie's title, and doubly so in the Knighthood which comes so aptly to crown Mr. Forbes-Robertson's long and distinguished career.

MR. ALFRED AUSTIN, who died on Monday last, in his seventy-eighth year, did a good deal of useful work for the Conservative Party both on the platform and in the press. But Lord Salisbury's decision to reward these services by offering him the Laureateship placed the recipient in a false position. At his best, a graceful if undistinguished versifier—Browning once scoffingly referred to him as "a banjo Byron"—and a writer of prose idylls with pleasant open-air flavor, Mr. Austin was in no way fitted to succeed Tennyson. His efforts to commemorate great national events were unsuccessful, sometimes, as in his lines on the Jameson raid, sinking to mere declamatory doggerel. Speculation is already active as to who will be his successor, or whether the office of Poet Laureate will be allowed to die with him. Several men of letters have expressed themselves in favor of the latter course, though we observe that Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch thinks that it "would be a peculiarly graceful action" if the Prime Minister were to recommend Mr. Kipling for the office. We cannot see any reason for the recommendation, unless, indeed, the Laureateship is to be regarded as an appanage of the cruder and more blatant forms of Imperialism.

Politics and Affairs.

THE SOCIAL POLICY OF LIBERALISM.

THE summer months are not the time in which a great political agitation is, as a rule, initiated, but it is now a year since the formation of Mr. Lloyd George's Land Committee became known, and most Liberals will agree that it is high time that the scheme—which, we may take it, is now advancing towards maturity—should be laid before the public. The Conservative social reformers have already set out their proposals. They have their own plan for dealing with housing, and their more advanced spirits have recognised, by implication, that the housing question cannot be adequately handled apart from wages, and they have set forth proposals for establishing a minimum wage which may be taken as roughly corresponding with at least some parts of Mr. George's scheme. It is not probable that the Unionist Party as a whole will go with them, but the co-operation of a group of thoughtful men, however small, is not to be despised, while the fact that they are already in the field is an additional argument for acceleration on the part of the Liberal leaders.

It might indeed be said by a critic that the later developments of Liberal social reform have had too strong a leaven of Conservatism. The Insurance Act was largely tinged with the principles of the Conservative reformer, and it is just that element in the Act which causes its unacceptability to so many of those whom it was intended to benefit. What Liberals have to realise is that the social question, as we know it, arises out of the exaggerated inequality in the distribution of hereditary wealth. Faced with such an inequality, reformers have two lines of proceeding. The first is to make the existing situation more tolerable by regimentation, discipline, and the reward of merit for those who exercise thrift and energy in the circumstances to which it has chanced that the social system has called them. This is to root the existing system more firmly, to make it more bearable, to civilise it, but, at the same time, to consolidate it. And that is the method of Conservative social reform. The opposed method is that which aims at redressing the balance by obstructing the flow of the unearned element of wealth into the hands of the fortunate few, and distributing it among the population as a whole. At bottom, this method regards what some economists have called surplus wealth as being in principle the property of the community, and its problem is to discover fiscal methods by which this form of wealth may be brought into the Treasury, and by which it can be rendered available for the needs of the people as a whole and for the abolition of poverty not directly dependent upon defects of character. The Old Age Pensions Act, in our view, rested at bottom upon this principle, and its success is certainly sufficient encouragement for advance upon the same lines. The Insurance Act, on the other hand, halts between the two principles, and it seems to us that amendment will have to take the form, among other things, of recognition that the poorest classes cannot be legitimately called upon for a substantial contribution to contingencies out of wages that

are already insufficient to meet their day-to-day needs. If it is true to any great extent that the casual laborer is practically compelled to put a 7d. stamp upon his card in order that he may get a week's work, that is a result which is the very opposite of everything that the promoters of the Act had in mind, and we doubt if there is an ultimate remedy to be found for that and other grievances of the same kind, except by raising the rate of wage below which contributions from the wage earner are remitted. All this will cost money, and ultimately the Insurance scheme must cost the State a great deal more than was originally contemplated. But what alternative is possible? We have to face the fact that contingencies of sickness are a burden which the poorest classes in this rich nation at the present day are not strong enough to bear. Compel them to bear it, as by insurance, and they are only driven deeper down into poverty. For the poorest, the burden can be met only at the expense of those common funds which, after all, the labor of the poorest is helping to build up.

The amending Bill which is promised for the Insurance Act will, at any rate, have to be drafted on very broad and comprehensive lines if it is to effect its purpose. But no Insurance Act, however amended, would go to the root of the matter as the land and wages campaign may do. Just now we have a fresh outbreak of strikes in the Midlands for the minimum wage, and once again we find the minimum demanded still falls below that which, according to Mr. Seeborn Rowntree's calculations, would be the least figure necessary to maintain an average family in physical efficiency. The time seems to us to be at hand when the public would agree to the legislative settlement of disputes of this kind by the extension and strengthening of the Wages Boards Act. We do not know why the agricultural laborer alone should benefit from this principle. It seems to us that all workpeople, whether urban or rural, whose wages fall below the defined standard, should be brought, in this regard, under legislative protection. We have frankly to adopt the conception of the national minimum already recognised in matters of hours and other conditions of work, and apply it to remuneration as well. If the relatively well-to-do miners could secure such conditions by a strike—that is to say, if they could wrest it from our inconvenience and our fears—the less well-to-do transport men and general laborers may surely gain it from our justice, and it would seem to us to be a mistake to defer legislation in this direction to a fresh Parliament.

In the case of agriculture, many concomitant reforms are necessary, and the full development of the land policy must occupy more than one session. Agricultural wages are so far below the standard that it is doubtful if they could be raised to the required level without readjustment of rents. Nor would the mere rise in wages provide the fresh housing accommodation which is, on all hands, admitted to be necessary. All it could do would be to enable the laborer to pay for the house, and so place the housing scheme upon an economic basis. Lastly, both in town and country, there is the question of rating, the necessity of relieving improvements from the taxation which presses upon them at present, and the

stoppage of the system which enables a man to hold up his hand to his own benefit and to the public loss. We have here a concerted series of reforms which are not merely destined to alleviate certain of the results of poverty, but cut at the root of poverty itself. And these are singly and collectively in line with the general principle of Liberal social reform as we have sought to define it above. We believe, moreover, that these reforms could be put into a concrete and practical shape, which, if it might cause some little sorrow among those who have great possessions, would nevertheless commend them to the general sense of social justice and the requirements of the common good.

FOR VOLUNTARY SERVICE.

It is but half of the duty of a democratic party to ensure the adoption of right decisions in national policy. More fundamental, more permanent, is the obligation which lies upon it to educate the whole mass of the citizens. A policy for which the reasons are only half understood has failed to bring with it the mental advance that is the constant purpose of self-government. A policy for which the reasons are half forgotten is already in danger of reversal. These are the motives, more compelling than any urgent risk, which should lead Liberals to welcome the formation of the Voluntary Service Committee as an event of the first importance. The raising of the whole issue of military service has made for the parties of progress a problem similar to that which Mr. Chamberlain created when he re-opened the fiscal controversy. The response to the challenge was inevitably rather slow, and the work of organising to meet the menace or reaction was somewhat reluctantly undertaken. These are closed issues for every progressive thinker. We had supposed that our fathers had completed this task for us, and won for us the right to move forward unembarrassed to the more fruitful issues of social reconstruction. The event reminds us that there is no such thing in politics as hereditary wisdom. Each generation starts afresh, and in each generation we must be prepared to argue over again the basic tenets of our political creed. To regret this necessity as a waste of time, though that is probably for all of us the first instinctive impulse, would be to take an external and superficial view of the whole meaning of politics. It is as important for any community to grasp the social ideal of the international division of labor and the economy of effort that underlies Free Trade, as it is for it to enjoy the concrete advantages of unfettered exchange. It is as important for it to reject the barbarous conception of an international struggle which underlies the revival of conscription as it is for it to escape the actual burdens of compulsory military service. A people which has passed through the intellectual discipline of such controversies has earned and won its own civilisation. A people which enjoys their fruit without the mental labor is free by accident. Its traditional beliefs are at best but salutary prejudices, and while the reasons behind them fade from the collective memory, it is ripening for reaction.

It is by such a programme of educative work as the Committee proposes that voluntary service must be defended. The method of the League is, to our thinking, as clearly right as that which the Eighty Club proposed is flagrantly wrong. The venerable personality of Lord Roberts stands in no need of any peculiar recognition from us. The nation has fully honored the veteran's record of service, and no one questions the sincerity which inspires his present campaign for compulsory service. But it is for those who welcome his advocacy to give a dinner in his honor. It is for those for whom the issue between a conscript and a volunteer army is an open question to make for him a platform for debate. Occasions will arise on which Colonel Seely may repair the inadequacies and correct the hesitations of his recent utterances on voluntary service. But those occasions for debate will arise in Parliament, and when they come, the duty of a Liberal War Minister is not simply to present the academic case with such forensic skill as nature has given him; it is rather with all his Ministerial responsibility, with all his authority as the spokesman of a party and a Government, to stake the present and the future of the political force which he serves in defence of its fundamental tenets. There are new questions on the fringe of practical politics which may usefully be handled by a friendly theoretical discussion. But the tactlessness which could propose to class voluntary service among such issues deserves a harsher name.

The syllabus which sketches the line of argument on which the Voluntary Service Committee proposes to base its educational work is satisfactory so far as it goes. The part which naval supremacy plays in defence cannot be too fully expounded, nor can we insist too often on the economic and strategic waste involved in maintaining a vast highly-trained conscript force to perform the duties of home defence which the Navy and the Territorials are competent to assure. The case has seldom been better put than in an article by a competent French authority in the "*Revue de Paris*." He reckons that an enemy who had evaded our fleet must spend twenty-four hours in disembarking his raiding force of a maximum of 70,000 men, and another sixty hours in landing his guns, cavalry, munitions, and supplies. That allows four days and three nights for our fleet to return, and (should it incomprehensibly fail) for our land forces to move on the threatened spot. If the expeditionary corps of 150,000 men were abroad, there would still be left 170,000 Regulars and Reservists, with 250,000 Territorials, to meet the emergency. The failure of Enver Bey, in spite of the fact that the Turks had the undisputed naval command of the Black Sea and the Sea of Marmora, to achieve a landing in the Bulgarian rear, is a recent reminder of the difficulty of such an enterprise.

The case must be argued, but let us not be too simple in taking our opponents on this level of make-believe. They say defence and mean aggression; they talk invasions and intend expeditions. If the advocates of compulsory service desired nothing further than to render our shores doubly secure against invasion, their agitation would have been killed years ago when Mr. Balfour made his masterly examination of the hypothesis

of a raid. Let us do them the justice of recognising that their intelligence is rather more respectable than their candor. What they desire is not a superfluous half-trained militia for defence. Their ambition is to have a conscript army which may be used eventually for Continental service. Their arguments are meaningless unless they aim at supplying the policy of the balance of power with the only arm which can effectually back it. If we mean to resume in Europe the rôle which Marlborough and Wellington played, we must have an army on the modern Continental scale. That is the only honest as it is the only cogent argument for universal service. This it is that the militarists mean when they inquire whether we are prepared to see France wiped out from her position in Europe. The talk of defending France, we need hardly say, is as little sincere as the talk of defending our own shores. France possesses nothing which her neighbors desire to wrest from her. It is the aggressive France of the new Nationalism, the France of *La Revanche*, which our militarists would back. They would involve us in a grievous burden to forward French ambitions precisely as the present rulers of France are tightening her system of conscription at the bidding of Russian exigencies. Our first aim in this educational controversy should be to force our opponents into frankness. The battle is won when the secret is divulged to our working classes that they are asked to give their sons to the barracks, not at all to ensure the safety of our own shores, but to make the Triple Entente supreme in the councils of Europe over the Triple Alliance. The more the discussion is forced away from the ineptitudes about invasion and the thin-end-of-the-wedge proposal of a Swiss militia, the more decisive will the answer be, and the greater will be the democratic pressure in favor of a foreign policy that aims, not at a balance, but at a concert of Europe.

A NON-PARTY SETTLEMENT.

THE blessings bestowed upon the peacemaker who breaks across the fury of the fight are notoriously equivocal. And yet, if justice is to prevail in the conduct of affairs, a deliberate attempt must sometimes be made to bring the sharpest party issues to a court of reason. This is what "A Liberal M.P." attempts to do in an ably argued pamphlet entitled "The Constitutional Crisis" (Unwin). He invites parties to pause in the very agony of the Home Rule struggle, and consider whether a satisfactory pacific settlement may not still be possible. His argument, we think, deserves consideration even by those who would decide that tactics render his proposals impracticable. For the Irish Home Rule Bill, though treated as a separate constitutional issue, does not really stand alone in Liberal policy. The debate of last Friday in the House of Commons, when a Scottish Home Rule Bill received a second reading, is a serviceable reminder that the Liberal Party is committed to a larger measure of devolution as a sequel to the Irish Bill, and as a practical necessity imposed by the growing congestion in the House of Commons of business properly belonging

to provincial Parliaments. But if Irish Home Rule is to be regarded, not merely or mainly as a concession to the sentiments and rights of Irish nationality, but as a first step in a general process of devolution shortly to be applied to the other component parts of the United Kingdom, it is surely well to frame it, so far as possible, with the express aim of serving this wider purpose. It might thus be possible to obtain a non-party settlement, supposing that a general acceptance could be won for the wider devolution policy, and that it were clearly understood that the Irish measure was nothing else than a convenient first instalment of this accepted policy. For the Conference of 1910 and the public discussion of this issue at that time showed a widespread disposition towards such a settlement, if only trustworthy conditions could be framed. It is, indeed, hardly possible to suppose that a Conservative Party, any more than a Liberal Party, can be content with a continuance of the legislative impotence to which, by sheer stress of business, the House of Commons is reduced, or can really believe that any mere reforms in rules of procedure can furnish an effective remedy. Indeed, though the issue has not received much serious discussion in Conservative quarters, there can be little doubt that, if trusted leaders advocated it, English Home Rule would arouse much enthusiasm in a party that has always expressed resentment at the carriage of specifically English measures by means of Irish, Welsh, and Scottish votes. If, then, this wider devolution is bound to come, and if there is reasonable ground for supposing that a policy which, following the general lines of the Irish Home Rule Bill as regards legislative and administrative powers, might be regarded as acceptable by both parties, why should it not be feasible even now to call a truce, and obtain an Irish settlement upon this basis? If it were once understood that the subordinate legislature in Dublin were shortly to be followed by similar legislatures in Edinburgh and London, such a policy being dictated by general considerations of business expediency, the false notions about separation and the fierce passions thus engendered could no longer be sustained. It would seem ridiculous for Ulster to foster resentment against a measure of political expediency thus equally applied to all parts of the United Kingdom.

Nor would this exhaust the evident utility of a pacific settlement upon these lines. If the devolution policy is worked on lines of party combat, not merely shall we have a series of Home Rule measures, constructed each to meet the supposed particular requirements of Scotland, England, and Wales, without any sort of regard to their relations and dependencies, but we are left with no light or leading on the question of the House of Lords. No body of Liberals or Conservatives seriously pretends to be provided with a sound scheme for reforming the existing Second Chamber. But it is evident that if the present Imperial Parliament were relieved by devolution of almost all the party issues which are fought on strictly party lines, as would be the case if questions of religion, education, temperance, and land, for instance, were submitted to subordinate legislatures, the question of the House of Lords would shrink

into comparatively slight importance, and would far more easily than now admit of settlement.

Such is the main drift of this compact and skilful argument. If science and calm intellect were the prevailing factors in politics, we should consider the adoption of some such procedure as is here advocated quite feasible. But it is idle to ignore the difficulties which suspicions, hatreds, party passions and desires offer to such a reasonable course. Each of these feelings is an actual political force to be reckoned with in considering the feasibility of such a project. First, it will be said that conciliation on these lines was tried and failed three years ago. Why should it succeed now? If to this it be rejoined that the dangers and wastes of a series of diverse constitutional strifes are now nearer at hand and more perceptible, it will be replied, in turn, that party committals are, to a corresponding extent, deeper and more binding, and that, in particular, any course which involved altering the structure of the Irish Home Rule Bill would be an act of treachery to Ireland and a deadly peril to English Liberalism.

Here, indeed, we think, is the weak point in "A Liberal M.P.'s" contention. While holding that the legislative and executive powers under the Irish Bill are suitable enough for a general policy of devolution, he considers that the financial powers would require considerable alterations to make them fit for application to the other parts of Great Britain. He gives excellent reasons for this view. But its adoption would render it impossible to guarantee the passage of the Irish Bill under the powers of the Parliament Act, and would throw the Bill entirely on the mercy of an agreement which, however firmly established it should appear, might easily break down in the House of Lords. In other words, party strife has bred such animosity and such mistrust as to make it hardly possible to secure guarantees for a non-party settlement which to Irish Nationalists, or even to English Liberals, would appear sufficiently secure. Nor would the suspicions be entirely one-sided. It is one thing for Conservative leaders to consider a non-party settlement, when, as in 1910, they were fresh from a crushing defeat in the country. It is a different thing when they are persuading themselves that the flowing tide of electoral opinion is with them, and that a little time will see them once again in power, entitled to settle constitutional issues on party lines and to satisfy all "natural" feelings of revenge. Will not a Conservative Party indulging such sentiments be disposed to regard any amicable advances along the lines of non-party settlement as an admission of weakness on their opponents' side, and an attempt to avert the judgment to come? A wiser and further-sighted view would, we agree, rise superior to these suspicions. A higher patriotism would even undergo some risks and forego some purely party advantages in pursuance of the more excellent way which "A Liberal M.P." points out. If so much foresight and such a patriotism prevails as to induce party leaders to call a halt in order once more to essay the possibility of framing a constitutional policy which shall cover all outstanding and related constitutional issues, we shall congratulate the country upon the progress made by reason in the arts of Government.

ALBANIA AND ARMENIA.

THE statesmanship of the Balkan Kingdoms has won this week a victory over traditional passions hardly more difficult than that first triumph of diplomacy by which M. Venizelos brought Greece and Bulgaria together. A fortnight ago it seemed likely that a war among the allies might give to civilisation the most cynical spectacle that it has seen since Prussia and Austria fell out after the crushing of Denmark. To-day there is reason to hope that the League will survive. It is much to have postponed the conflict, and more to have brought its members together for the common discussion of the tangled problems which await decision. We can well understand that as the war has proceeded, it has come to seem to each race which shared in its sacrifices that nothing had been won, that the victory was incomplete unless this city or that province were added to the fatherland. War is the great maker of illusions and megalomanias, and we can well believe that the Balkan Peninsula at this moment resembles, as one observer has put it, nothing so much as a madhouse. The intoxication of victory has been added to all the furious passions of racial hate. We do not underestimate the value to Greece of the possession of Salonica, or to Bulgaria of the future of Monastir. But it is true, none the less, that no single territorial question, and it may even be not all these questions together, approaches the importance of the maintenance of the League. Abstract justice and national interest may have something very decisive to say about Monastir and Salonica; but the maintenance of the League is, to our thinking, an interest which outweighs every other. The announcement that Roumania would abandon her neutrality if an internecine war broke out may serve as the reminder that brings sanity. While the League holds together, it can defy the intrigues of Powers outside it to trouble it. If it breaks up, every gain which a victorious war has won is in jeopardy. Turkish rule will have been abolished in vain if the meddling of outside forces can ruin the effective independence of the Balkan States, and the Macedonians will but have exchanged one despotism for another if an inequitable settlement leaves behind it a legacy of hatreds that will subordinate all the work of peace and reconstruction to the business of preparing future wars. We hold strongly that Bulgaria is in her right in insisting on the possession of Monastir, as much because it is a Bulgarian country as because a treaty assigned it to her. We are reminded that the Servians shed blood to win it. But its own population faced massacre, poverty, and endless degradations through half a century of Turkish persecution to maintain its Bulgarian character, nor can we forget that the victories which really enabled the weaker allies to triumph in the west were won by Bulgarian arms on the fields of Thrace. But Bulgaria, however good her right, would be guilty of a crime against the future if she were to refuse all concessions. To maintain the League is worth the sacrifice of some good territory.

Two capital questions now confront the Ambassadors' Conference, which is able at length to turn with a clear mind to the completion of the Albanian settlement. We can feel no sympathy with the patent egoism of

the arguments which Italy has advanced against the Greek claims to Lower Albania. It is grotesque to suggest that the naval power of Greece can ever become a serious menace to her neighbors in the Adriatic, and she has met that case very fairly by offering to consent to the neutralisation of the Albanian coast. But in all this Albanian dispute it has happened that the case put forward from interested motives by the Great Powers has happened to coincide with the claims of national equity. It was not really because Scutari is an Albanian town that Austria preserved it from a Montenegrin conquest. It is not really because Coritsa in the South is just as clearly an Albanian town that Italy resists the Greek claim to it. But we who take our stand on the rights of nationality have our own good reasons for agreeing with Austria and Italy. The Moslem population of Southern Albania is indisputably Albanian, and it is the majority. The Christian minority is no less Albanian by race and language, and can be claimed by Greece only because it is Orthodox in religion, and has derived from Orthodox schools a tincture of Greek culture. We do not dispute that it would be as happy under Greek rule as is the large Albanian population which is to be found in Northern Greece, even in the neighborhood of Athens itself. The decisive argument to our minds is that the Powers, having once decided to create an independent Albania, are morally bound to include in it a sufficient area of relatively wealthy territory, a sufficient leavening of a relatively civilised population, to ensure its progress and prosperity. The settlement which leaves Lower Albania to the new State, while assigning all the *Ægean* Isles to Greece, is a natural compromise, and it is better than most of the barter of diplomacy because it exactly satisfies the principle of nationality. The Isles are as certainly Greek as Coritsa is Albanian. For the rest, we hope the demands which the Turks of Constantinople are putting forward for the retention of Ottoman suzerainty over Albania and the nomination of a Moslem Prince will be resisted by our own Foreign Office and by the Conference as a whole. In this matter the wishes of the Albanians themselves ought to be decisive. Only the more savage and corrupt of the Albanian Moslem chieftains have ever looked on the Turks save as foreigners and conquerors. The more educated Moslems and the Provisional Government which represents the union of the three creeds around the national idea are resolute in preferring the nomination of a European prince. They are a European race. They have made gallant efforts in recent years against the most brutal Turkish persecution to acquire European culture. Their ambition to-day is to open their windows to the West. It cannot be to the interest of Europe to perpetuate the uncertainties of the past by retaining Ottoman control over Albania. We do not want a new Crete on the Adriatic.

These are the questions of the day. Incomparably graver are the issues raised by the future of what remains of Turkey, and in particular by the destinies of the Armenian race. On one condition only can Turkey hope for a future, and that is the co-operation of Germany with Great Britain to develop her resources, and to keep her statesmen on the path of decent and

humane administration. Paper schemes of reform would be worthless without co-operation; they would be almost superfluous if it were achieved. Happily, all the omens point to this consummation. Turkey, with her finances in confusion, comes as a suitor to Europe, and Europe can make her own terms. The one condition on which it would be sane politics and sound morals to assist her is that she shall give guarantees for the future of the Armenians, and for administrative reforms which ought to be general and not merely Armenian in their scope. Germany has realised that the commercial success of her railways depends more on the preservation of the Armenian population which they will serve than on any other single factor, and she has already given proof of her desire to co-operate with our own diplomacy by encouraging the Turks to ask for British assistance in the work of administrative reconstruction. The foundations have already been laid of a common work which will save the Armenian race, and with it the Turkish Empire, while ending, we believe for ever, the feud which has divided Europe.

A London Diary.

PUBLIC opinion, impatient with the prolongation of the Balkan imbroglio, is inclined to visit its annoyance on the heads of the Balkan nations. Even subscribers to the relief funds have been heard to say that they would not have given a penny if they thought it possible that the victors would quarrel over the spoils. This is rather hard on the nations who have suffered so long from the refusal of the Powers to allow them to liberate their kinsmen. If five million Germans lived to the west of Alsace, and five million Frenchmen to the east of the Rhine, it would not be more difficult to avoid war than it is for the Balkan nations to settle their frontiers calmly. Those at any rate who made war for the Outlanders of Johannesburg are not in a position to cast stones. Nevertheless, it remains a fact that if there is war among the Allies, they will lose caste individually and collectively to such an extent that even an unjust frontier would pay each one of them better than a successful war.

As a humdrum diet seems to have no charm for the palate of the average Liberal member, it may be to his advantage—certainly to the relief of the Government—that we are now within sight of the strong meats of the Parliament Act. Even so, one finds it difficult to understand how so vital an occasion as the second reading of the Finance Bill should have found Ministers without sufficient backing to enable them to risk a division. Twenty or thirty Labor members, with a probable reinforcement of half-a-dozen Liberals, were expected to vote for Mr. Snowden's crucial amendment, and there could be no certainty that the general body of the Opposition, pocketing their scruples for the price of a Lloyd George humiliation, would not troop into the same lobby. Some of their spokesmen say not, but their demeanor when the peril of the Government became apparent—notably in the hustling and pressing of the

less discreet spirits among them towards the anti-Government doors—offered a warning too plain to be either misconstrued or disregarded.

I SUPPOSE the excuse of the forty or fifty unpaired Liberal absentees would be that the arrangements for that day had been altered without sufficient notice, a plea which, besides ignoring the abnormal circumstances of the session, could only be based on a childlike presumption of Unionist chivalry or forbearance, to which the tactics of the Opposition, to do them justice, have lent not the slightest encouragement. If the division had come off, the Government, on the figures disclosed by the vote on the adjournment motion, might have had a majority of between ten and twenty. I suspect, however, that the Opposition had more men in reserve who, in case of need, might just have turned the scales.

IN any case, when the Labor amendment comes on, the best whipping-up possible will be needed. Pairs are very often refused, the O'Brienites are frequently away, and any amendment in supply might mean the Government's downfall. On the other hand, the Labor Party do not wish to embarrass the Government. I overheard the following piece of dialogue in the Lobby on Tuesday:—

LIBERAL M.P.: "You very nearly ruined the Government last night."

LABOR M.P.: "Thank goodness we did not quite."

ALTHOUGH Ulster, or rather the Ulster minority, seems bent on claiming Altrincham as a Carsonian trophy, I cannot believe that Mr. Hamilton sees his victory in the same light. He is of the newer type of Tory member—the kind for whom such plodding veterans as Sir Henry Kimber are being systematically displaced—perhaps more boyish in manner than in years, unembarrassed by much sense of political responsibility or weight of political ideas, and, indeed, almost too volatile, not to say too clairvoyant, to become definitely attached to the most backward group in modern politics. Of Mr. Hamilton's boyishness the House had two amusing instances on the occasion of his *début*—first, in his quaint bow of acknowledgment to the cheering front Opposition bench, and, secondly, in his friendly salutation from the floor to his late opponent, Mr. Kay-Shuttleworth, seated demurely in the Strangers' Gallery.

ONE notes a curious strain of nervousness in Unionist anticipations of the political future, probably due, as the "Times" seemed to suggest the other day, to a haunting recollection of the magic arts employed in 1909 by Mr. Lloyd George to darken the equally fair prospects of that year. It is an apt enough parallel. I remember, during the phase of Liberal depression just before the Budget revival, hearing of a lurid forecast which had been drawn from a well-known electioneering expert by some timid soul who had sought him out in quest of comfort. Would it be better for Liberal chances, the oracle was asked, to have the election at once or a year later? "My dear

fellow," came the hearty response, "it will simply be the difference, so far as your people are concerned, between an avalanche and a landslide." Yet the event produced merely a surface tremor.

THERE is no good being too despondent about by-elections, but Newmarket and Altrincham have had a depressing effect. The Session cannot be spent marking time, and the Party is badly in want of an inspiring lead, without which it runs a risk of drifting into low water. A constructive scheme of land reform is one thing that could set matters right, and I hear Sir John Simon's speech spoken of as a good introduction to the campaign which, according to present arrangements, will be started actively in the autumn.

TORIES are extremely angry with Sir Edward Carson and Mr. Smith for having accepted briefs in the Chester-ton libel case. I am told that great pressure was brought to bear to prevent this action. On the Liberal side there is some uneasiness lest it may prove prejudicial to the Government in regard to Ulster.

I FIND that the note in Tuesday's "Times," which is believed to be substantially correct, on the report of the Marconi Committee has caused some concern among Liberal members. If Sir Albert Spicer's draft report is cut and amended out of recognition, the whole business will, they fear, assume the air of a party "hush-up," which would make matters very awkward for everybody concerned. This danger ought to be avoided at all costs, for, as I wrote last week, nobody will now be satisfied with anything less than a full and fair estimate of the facts.

EVERYONE knew that Sir John French was bound to be the next Field-Marshal, and the appointment excites no envious opposition. He has always been one of the soldiers whose powers are backed by good fortune. Fortunate in his naval training, and in his long service with the 8th and 19th Hussars, he was specially fortunate in the South African War. After sharing the command in the important actions of Elands-laagte and Rietfontein, by which the Dundee brigade was probably saved from destruction on its retirement, he had the good luck to slip out of Ladysmith just in time. He went by the last train that got through, and as it was fired at nearly all the way to Colenso, I believe he took cover under the seat of the carriage. This fortunate escape enabled him to prevent the invasion of Cape Colony by taking command in the Colesberg district, which he held for nearly three months by means of a fine piece of bluff, for he induced the enemy to believe that his handful of men was an army. He never cultivated "popular" manners with his troops, but naturally the men felt great confidence in him, and when they observed his habit of suddenly opening and shutting his mouth before an action began, they would say, "There's old French fly-catching," and be satisfied.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

THE INTERPLAY OF MINDS.

PSYCHICAL research has suffered much misunderstanding on account of the sensational interest that attaches to the abnormal. The popular mind has found in its revelations and speculations a pleasant food of mystery and humor, while more austere thinkers have been deterred from entering a field which seems to them devoted to the cock-and-bull. In every other study, no doubt, the abnormal or exceptional is also a stimulus to thought. But nowhere else is abnormality so intense or so prominent. Under such circumstances, it is matter for congratulation that so large a minority of our best equipped and most powerful intellects should have patiently set themselves to the task of sifting truth from falsehood, and of seeking to establish the reign of scientific law in so fog-ridden a land. A remarkable article by Mr. Gerald Balfour in the current issue of the "Hibbert Journal," taken in conjunction with the stimulating address given last week by M. Bergson in his capacity as President of the Society for Psychical Research, indicates that this study is beginning to pass out of its pioneer stage, and to frame hypotheses not merely for the abnormal but for the normal in our spiritual life. So long as the human mind was regarded as a separate thing boxed up in each brain, divided into a number of intellectual and moral faculties, memory, imagination, self-esteem, acquisitiveness, and the like, all abnormalities, such as dreams, visions, warnings, were either special interventions from some supernatural world, or else the illusions of a disordered brain.

Modern psychology has now substituted for this compact, fixed, departmental, separate brain-dweller, the conception of an indefinite number of streams of consciousness and of sub-consciousness flowing in each of us, blends of feelings, ideas, desires, in part dissociated, in part running together along a central channel of the "true self." The complex relations between these diverse partial selves, which furnish so much of the mystery and tragi-comedy of life, have concentrated upon themselves the attention of eager groups of students bent on solving the problem of the nature of individual personality. But underneath this study has always lurked a doubt as to the degree of separate unity attaching to a "true self" or a "personality." When early psychical experimentation appeared to give reasonable grounds for holding that some personalities could in certain cases communicate with one another, no abandonment of separate selfhood was assumed. Generally the material brain was evoked as an instrument for transmission of thought-waves. Or, even if it were held possible that "the spirit" might leave the body and make a visitation, it did so without impairing its integrity.

But the newer hypothesis assumes a far more intimate relation between the fluid self of different personalities. The association between the various streams of consciousness which form a self is but a case of the wider association between this self and the selves of other persons. Thus a large consistent meaning is accorded to telepathy. "It includes interaction between one embodied consciousness and another; between embodied consciousness and disembodied consciousness, if disembodied consciousness there be, and *a fortiori* between one disembodied consciousness and another; and last, but not least, between the different conscious elements associated in a single organism. If all these forms of intercommunication really exist, we are clearly within sight of Frederic Myers's conception of telepathy as occupying 'in the spiritual world some such place as gravitation occupies in the material world,' and as lying, to use his expression, 'at the very centre of cosmic evolution.'"

This is a large intellectual order, and it is not clear from the report of M. Bergson's lecture quite how far he accepts its full implications. But his striking criticism of the doctrine of "parallelism," by which the life of the mind has been deemed coincident in area and contents with the life of the brain, certainly opens the way for

the adoption of this wider conception of spiritual relations. For, in the first place, it indicates that the life of the mind, the full human personality, is likely to be much larger and richer than the portion handled by the brain. The brain, as he sees it, is an instrument for utilising fragments of the contents of the mind for the purposes of the human organism. It limits the vision of the mind "to render its action more efficacious." Take the case of memory. Why are we allowed to forget certain experiences and to remember others? Because it is organically economical that we should do so. Therefore, "the rôle of the brain is to mask the useless part of our past in order to allow only the useful remembrances to appear. Certain useless recollections, or dream remembrances, manage, nevertheless, to appear also, and to form a vague fringe around the distinct recollections. It would not be at all surprising if perceptions of the organs of our senses, useful perceptions, were the result of a selection or canalisation worked by the organs of our senses in the interest of our action, but that there should be around these perceptions a fringe of vague perceptions, capable of becoming more distinct in extraordinary abnormal cases."

So long as the mind is in any sense regarded as existing in the body, and so long as the physical brain is considered its sole valid instrument, we remain in the clutches, not necessarily of materialism (for idealism can easily wriggle out of that predicament), but of spiritual individualism. For the spacial separateness of bodies will bind spirits. But once reduce the brain to its position as a partial instrument by which the larger life of mind is drawn upon for certain specific purposes, and the hard-shell separation of the spiritual ego disappears. "If it is demonstrated that human consciousness is partially independent of the human brain, since the cerebral life represents only a small part of the mental life, it is very possible that the separation between the various human consciousnesses may not be so radical as it seems to be."

"But," it may still be objected, "if the degrees and kinds of association between different consciousnesses are confined to what, after all, are rare and casual instances, the well-attested cases of psychical research, they are a very trivial qualification of our spiritual isolation." But here comes in the most interesting of Mr. Balfour's speculations, that of "a hidden telepathic interaction even in the normal every-day flow of ideas which we are accustomed to regard as wholly subjective, and devoid of all cognitive significance." In other words, the interplay of mind and mind may be the normal movement of the wider spiritual stream through the channels of so-called separate spiritual selves.

Not the least profitable of M. Bergson's reflections had reference to the inherent difficulties which beset the application to this spiritual realm of scientific methods framed for physical research. For measure and the measurable are essential conditions of experiment in the natural sciences. "Even when the object studied was not directly measurable, even when we must limit ourselves to giving a description of it, we so arranged as to retain of that object only the aspect by which later on it might become measurable."

It is this condition, as M. Bergson has elsewhere shown, which limits everywhere the scientific interpretation of organic processes. This limitation is still more applicable to the conscious or the spiritual world, where the phenomena are all events not things, and all differences that count are qualitative and not quantitative. This consideration sets important limits upon the possible achievements of psychology, which its wisest followers are the first to recognise. But it does not forbid the discovery of general laws, which may give a new and clearer meaning to the term spiritual universe, and open up larger hopes of human intercourse and co-operation.

THE FUTURE OF POETRY.

WHETHER the office of Poet Laureate should be abolished or preserved, is a theme to our mind more curious than important. The sentiment which clings to ancient and

picturesque institutions deserves a respectful deference where it is sincere and rooted in popular affection. If a hoary tradition had invested the office of national poet with any tinge of the veneration which the Welsh have retained for their bards, it would be a vandalism to allow it to lapse. But the office was a Stuart invention. It had no aim more exalted than to provide a steady supply of metrical flattery. The names of most of its occupants are known to-day only to specialists in literary history, and one recalls with an effort that Dryden, Wordsworth, and Tennyson consented to give it a temporary lustre. English poetry is rich in great verse inspired by national occasions and world events. But it was not as Laureate that Wordsworth wrote his political sonnets. The achievement of Mr. Austin was rather above than below the average of his predecessors, and probably a man who is a journalist among poets and a dilettante among journalists will always seem to be the natural claimant for such a post. It can at all events be said of him that he wrote some lines which posterity will not readily let die. If nothing else that he penned is destined to live, history is not likely to forget his eulogy of the heroes of Mafeking, who

"did not know what blench meant,
So they stayed in their entrenchment."

The Government would best honor the dignity of English letters by suppressing an office with a record so uninspiring. There would be good reason to continue only if there were some man among living poets to whose talent the post would be a stimulus. It is agreed by common consent that it would be an incongruity to associate with it the individual genius of Mr. Hardy or Mr. Yeats, Mr. Masfield or Mr. Davies. It does not fit a daring, an unconventional, or a pessimistic muse. Mr. Bridges or Mr. Newbolt, who both of them have written patriotic verse that is spirited, fresh, and inspiring, might make of it a notable use. But it is, to our thinking, the art of Mr. William Watson with its mastery of classical forms, its severe dignity of diction, and its fine instinct for the voicing of national emotion, which would most worthily answer the summons that a poet in sympathy with the public life of his time might hear in his nomination to this office.

This discussion has served at least to remind us that our generation, if it has produced no master, is neither poor nor conventional in its poetry. There is no dominant school, no prevalent impulse. The great epic sweep of "The Dynasts" is a defiance of all time. Mr. Yeats and Mr. Davies have the universality of all intimate lyrical writing. Mr. Masfield alone belongs definitely to the present, as Crabbe belonged by his realism to his own unhappy age. There may be in this marked individuality of contemporary poetry, this absence of any dominating school, some partial confirmation of the rather pessimistic view which Mr. Edmund Gosse took the other day of the future of English poetry. The danger which he sees before it is the increasing need for freshness of expression.

"With the superabundant circulation of language year after year, week after week, the possibilities of freshness grew rarer and rarer. The obvious simple poignant things seemed all to have been said. Each generation was likely to be more pre-occupied than the last with the desire for novelty of expression. . . . He thought that, in consequence, the natural uses of English and the obvious forms of our speech must be driven from our national poetry."

Condorcet, when he came to forecast the future of a civilisation which had at last begun with the French Revolution to march consciously towards perfection, rather rashly named among the advantages of the ages to come the gradual accumulation of literary masterpieces and the gradual weeding out of everything short of the best. He made a mistake natural in a scientist. It is quite possible that an age in which even the artist lives in an atmosphere of scientific criticism, his memory filled not merely with great models but with all the formulæ of historical interpretation, may feel its creative impulse fettered by the obsession of the past. The craving for an absolute originality, for "freshness" of expression, is not an impulse which arises spon-

aneously in the mind of the poet or artist himself. He utters what is in him, if there is anything to utter. It is the critic at his elbow and the professor in the nearest university who teach him to think of himself as the representative of an art that evolves, doomed to develop some speciality of subject or method or diction, if he is to win a place in its minutely classified records. The naive poetry of primitive ballads and spontaneous lyrics repeats itself endlessly. What has been said is common property, and the business of each singer is to say it again. The maker of folk-songs was no more troubled by the need of freshness than is the craftsman or the needle-woman of a modern Slav village who repeats and varies and repeats again the traditional patterns and ornaments which are older than the village itself. He made his love-song not to amuse a critic but to please a bride who expected to hear, well-sung and aptly-phrased, precisely those same welcome praises that had pleased her mother. The self-consciousness of a learned age is nothing native in the artistic temperament. It is an effect of systematic criticism, and, above all, of the historical habit.

The ravages of this learned self-consciousness are even more destructive in the other arts than in poetry. Painters and musicians, perhaps because they have imposed on them an elaborate technical training which the poet has so far escaped, are more definitely guilds with their own professional standards. The demand for freshness of expression has reached among them a deliberate, dogmatic form which underlies the extravagances of cubism and the experiments of a composer like Scriabine. If you have the deftness of touch and the delicacy of vision to draw like Ingres, an imperious professional public opinion warns you that it would be unworthy of your craft to exercise your gift. You are the hand of an evolving art, and its future bids you to strike out some new manner and to make your choice between futurists and post-impressionists and cubists. The ablest of our own musical writers assumes as the unquestioned canon of criticism, that each idiom or manner is exhausted, if not by one master, at least by one generation. If you have it in you to write in the manner of Beethoven, you are warned that no success in continuing his tradition would condone your sin in writing a Tenth Symphony or a second Violin Concerto. It is the growth of some similar obsession in poetry which Mr. Gosse predicts. The tendency will be towards "an ever-increasing subtlety of expression," towards a horror of the trite and superficial, which will achieve its effects "by wrapping the truth in darkness." Poets, he believes, will more and more isolate themselves from their fellow-men, and "band themselves more closely together for mutual protection."

That Mr. Gosse is a true prophet as regards the immediate future we think extremely probable. Francis Thompson stands out as the conspicuous example of a poet who, in spite of a real individuality of thought, was impelled by this passion for freshness of expression to search for novelties of diction, for subtleties of metrical effect, and to "wrap truth in darkness." The tendency has gone incomparably further in France than among ourselves, and poetry threatens there to become an art as esoteric and as little popular as the modern developments of music. Tolstoy in "What is art?" has left on record the moralist's verdict on the achievements of those modern French poets who have "isolated themselves from their fellows." A purely professional art must always tend to become sterile and academic, and to absorb itself in technicalities until the lilt has gone from its songs, and the melody from its music. Poets have often "banded themselves together" with the happiest effects. Wordsworth and Coleridge were the centres of such a school; Shelley and Byron of another. They were saved from the pedantry and isolation of our modern musicians and of these French poets, because they were the singers of a movement of thought which swayed the wide world outside their coteries. The academic phase which Mr. Gosse describes may endure for a season. But the impulse towards "freshness" will in due course take the form of a return to nature, and poets will go back to their fellow-men to sing the songs that some brave

struggle, some idealistic striving, has demanded and inspired.

FAIRFORD REVISITED.

THE little Colne, loved of trout-fishers, rises at Sevenhampton, and by the time it reaches the old Fosse Road is a torrent of silver, having, however, its narrow water meadows, which it inundates like old Nile himself. It sweeps on wherever it can find a low place round the base of the hills, and at every furlong some tributary dimple adds to its sparkling wealth. At Bibury, a single gusher pours into it two million gallons a day. Seven miles further it reaches Fairford, a village among meadows, yellow with buttercup and fragrant with meadowsweet, and at this place the Colne runs for ever bank-high, gently laving the yellow flags and water-lilies that like a quiet life, and perhaps encouraging such slow fish as the roach among its trout. Shortly after, at Lechlade, it joins its equal force with the Thames, and is then well-known to everybody.

The astonishing thing is that this little town of the fair ford should be grandmother of Bradford, niece of Tyre and Sidon, and sister of Rome. Fairford was the centre of the world to many a far-off voyager or merchant in those times deemed more spacious than our own, when every bale that came from the Indies was a portent rather than a mere trade counter, and when every soldier and sailor had a name and a reputation rather than a battalion number. And the great man of this region, some forty years before Henry VIII. came to the throne, fattened not by the rents of English farmers, but through far-flung trade of Cotswold produce against that of the world, built a church here that now, when the wool trade has ebbed away and flown to other centres, is unique not only in this country but in Christendom. The church, it is true, is but a casket, and its treasure, the windows, are the direct product of trade in its coarsest form, having been captured upon the seas by some enterprising buccaneer, now as completely forgotten as the marvellous artist who designed them and the other who burnt the colors into imperishable glass.

If you spent twelve months in Fairford Church you would not get to the bottom of the artist's meaning or fathom the minute delight with which he added jot and tittle to the verisimilitude of the things he drew and colored. Perhaps you would still come away, as you do from a first or second visit, with a confused impression of little devils and mice and birds which you could resort for ever into your dreams, just as you could re-sort the myriad pieces of colored glass that are banded into these score of windows. Yet one hinges upon another, tracing consecutively the history of the sacrament, or the holy life story, opposing, like choir and antichoir, fathers to martyrs, persecutors to supporters, prophets to fulfillers; contrasting Old Testament ideals with New, and mingling legends with authentic story. In desperation of so much sacred art and poetry to be assimilated in one afternoon, the mind of the traveller invariably concentrates upon the three pictures of Judgment and Mercy at the west end. We tell one another of this comic jumble of horrors, and the fame of Fairford trickles at last into a faint impression of a blue devil trundling a white soul in a yellow wheel-barrow.

After all, the yellow wheel-barrow may mark the intensest moment of the monkly mind of him who drew all these pictures. The falling into comicality seems to us, on reflection, to be a quite natural part of the attempt to depict ineffable horror. Perhaps the very horrible is comic. The superfluous terror of hanging, drawing, and quartering was shown by Mark Twain in the simple statement that it consisted of cutting you up into butcher's meat before your very eyes. The terrors of the Last Judgment in this west window must have conveyed to our medieval ancestors who believed in them literally enough some sort of rough comfort, perhaps a little sympathy with the poor devils who, try as they would, cannot get any large measure of satisfaction out of the cruelties they practice. When it comes to beating with a flail, the swinging part of which is a spiked club,

the torture is evident. The woman soul that is suffering this torment is the one pathetic figure in the picture. She is done with the realism of a Watts. You almost believe that a nineteenth or twentieth-century hand had put this three or four square inches of glass into the midst of this fifteenth-century window. On the other hand, the blast furnace licking up souls by the gross, and the cogged machinery grinding them into nothing, have no more terror than that of being swallowed in like so many worms by the fish's mouth that belongs to one of the heads of the prime Evil Spirit. Happy souls to have met that smooth fate instead of being ground in the fangs of the other mouth!

Perhaps our ancestors had a more healthy fear of annihilation. Better to have a soul that would cause the enemy some trouble than to be put in a common rack, or deemed unworthy of classification like poor Tomlinson. At any rate, one of the beauties of the window that used to be pointed out by a former caretaker relates to the devil, scaled like a fish, and with yellow hair, "and 'e's got a wite figure across e's shoulder a carryin' off—there's one arm a-sprawlin' one over th' hother ther, sir; and e's got a red fark to walk with as a walking stick to elp'n along." Anyone can see that the torturing of bad souls is not all pleasure, but the old man used to point out a further detail, "'Pears by the swet at the point of 'is nose, e's got some trouble to get along, sir." The caretaker at present is a young "foreigner," evidently from Ireland or thereabouts, and he has not yet discovered the drop of sweat at the end of the scaly devil's nose. He pours just contempt on the legend that says that these windows were taken down and buried so as to escape the vandalism of Cromwell. He is a correct and serious lecturer, at whom the pre-Tudor imps shout their witticisms almost in vain.

Then stand back from the window and see how good and bad, blue and red devils, yellow barrow, flaming furnace, the green earth and yawning graves, St. Michael with the scales, and all the rest, fit into one scheme of glorious translucent beauty. In the centre is the earth in space, a footstool for the Almighty, who has the sword of Justice on one side and the lily of Mercy on the other. Then ring beyond ring of blue and ruby and amber circles of cherubim and seraphim and saints, the greatest of them subservient to the unitary idea of the rainbow, whose multi-colored brilliance floods the church at the going-down of the sun with daily promise of his return. All this and the seven windows of the East end, and the tall clerestories of North and South, with their little windows high under the eaves, find place exactly as they were designed, though not in Rome, but in quietest rural England, yet on the same speck in the universe and true to the same cardinal points.

It is the catholicity of the series that is beyond the intelligence of our century. The scales in which the souls are weighed belong more definitely to the Egyptian religion than our own, and the perspective of these fifteenth-century windows leans a little more towards nature worship than our strict bishops would go. No line had yet been drawn between the legends and the entirely accepted incidents of the Holy Life. There is the handkerchief of St. Veronica, torn from its context in a storm-broken window, but evidently of the magnitude of first importance. St. John is signified by an almost forgotten miracle. At Ephesus they poisoned the Communion wine, and hoped to destroy the whole sect at a blow. But the saint has blessed the chalice, and the poison has come out in the form of a little dragon. The industrious cartoonist, who has not forgotten to put a pair of pincers into the girdle of Arimathea Joseph, is also a landscapist of very rare art. The suburbs of Jerusalem, all in blue haze, is an entrancing surprise, occupying about a foolscap of glass. So is a little group of sun-tipped bushes. It might be a little bit of this very year's May. There are winding silver rivers with flags and bullrushes. "Water-plants of the district," says our guide. Yes, that is the marvel of it: this picture that comes no one knows whence, is just a bit of our own Colne flowing outside.

NEW LAMPS FOR OLD.

X.

A MECCA FOR BOHEMIA.

LIKE a brown cliff on one side rise the buildings of Lancaster Place, piled up to hold the street that runs high and level over Waterloo Bridge. Like a white cliff on the other side tower the enamelled walls of the Savoy Hotel. Like a red buttress at the foot stands the Institution of Electrical Engineering. Almost hidden among these masses of modern utility, luxury, and science lurks the last relic of the ancient House of Savoy and Lancaster.

Holiness alone has preserved it, for it is a chapel. To judge by the tracery of the windows, the present building cannot be older than Edward IV.'s time, but it takes memory back to Eleanor of Provence, mother of one of our few great kings, and to Peter of Savoy, who accompanied her to this savage island. He built the House, and her second son, Edmund of Lancaster, inherited it—the same who, to solace his mother, brought from her native Provence the fatal Red Rose. And so we come to Blanche of Lancaster, whom John of Gaunt grabbed, as his manner was, and made the mother of Henry IV. Memories of Chaucer, Froissart, and Wyclif hang round the place; memories of Wat Tyler's high-hearted rebellion, when the rage of the unenfranchised blazed into arson and destroyed the palace. A ruin, a lazaret-house, a northside Alsatia, and again a crumbling ruin, haunted by cave-dwellers and spectres of darkness—all this the Savoy became in turn, till time improved it down to the precinct of God's half-acre and the smallest church in London. So there, upon a gentle slope of the riverside, huddled out of sight by progress, it stands between the brown cliff of Lancaster and the white cliff of Savoy—symbol of the centuries that pass as a watch in the night.

The smallest church in London, holding about three hundred at a stifling pinch; and twice a Sunday every seat is full. Little space, I think, encourages attendance; at all events, one notices less eagerness to crush into heaven now that there is found to be plenty of room for all. But the little multitude goes out into the wilderness of the Sunday Strand to see—certainly not a reed shaken with the wind, though that might seem a good metaphor for the sensitive mind quick to respond to every breath of life, alert to the spirit as no dull and immovable stocks and rocks ever are. Like other people, they go into the wilderness to see a prophet, and within these ancient walls, under that little roof fretted and blazoned with the armorial emblems of uninteresting kings, they may find another of those prophets which have been since the world began; another voice through which the Word speaks with the freshness of living perception, and the rebellious spirit of unrecognised truth.

It was Trinity Sunday—the dullest of Church festivals, as I used to think when I had to go to church. No joy of lowly cattle-shed and holly and presents as at Christmas; nor of Hot-Cross-Buns as on Good Friday; nor of general sunshine and Hallelujah as at Easter. Only the shortlived pleasures of hearing the people catch up the priest over his assertions in the Athanasian Creed, and of imagining the Saints casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea, as described in the overwhelming hymn. All the rest was impersonal, intangible, incomprehensible—a wild vision of cherubim and seraphim, of creatures with six wings, of angels with measuring rods, of terrible wheels, and four beasts full of eyes. But having given no single thought to the matter for more than a generation (beyond a cheerful agreement with Heine's poem describing how he had believed in the Three Persons in turn and ended as a Knight of the Holy Spirit), here, in the Savoy Chapel, I found a man of about my own age, declaring that Trinity Sunday was the greatest festival of all. And just because of the reasons which had dismayed me in boyhood—because it was so abstract, so impersonal, so entirely occupied with the thought that passes understanding. It

marked, he said, the highest sphere that the climbing soul can enter, and because this sphere was unlimited, half the year was given to its contemplation. (Oh, those dreary twenty-five "Sundays after Trinity"! How we used to hate them till the last brought Christmas within sight!)

It sounded strange, but the man had his reasons. There is always something attractive in an idea that is inexhaustible and surpasses the limits of understanding. To such ideas the reckless and passionate may be drawn—the people who are possessed by a suicidal instinct for the vast and unusual, men and women who are reckless in generosity, for instance, or in passion, acting with a kind of madness uncontrolled, like the great sinners who make the greater saints. This demand for grandeur, for something that passes understanding, is the philosophy of drink and of the harlotry that is passionate and not sordid or medicinal; it is the philosophy of martyrdom also, and of the service to an overwhelming and absorbing cause that may lead us to death. Such recklessness and devotion are not characteristic of England, where people talk readily of all flowers, but not of the passion-flower, and few perceive that it may be better to live in hell than in suburban calm. But to the reckless and devoted, the conception of this festival offers a place of refuge, in which they may find endless scope for a passion that shall not fritter itself on transitory and finite aims.

To the agnostic also, he said, the conception is a city of refuge. The serious and honest man, often endowed with a passion for religion, is maddened by curates and little priests who cut our souls into lengths to fit the beds of their childish creeds. Tired of ideas long outgrown, he may find escape from the nursery into the immeasurable space of the Trinity. We do not in the least know what the Trinity means, but through it we become conscious of a vast sense of God. In the end, perhaps, it is alone through the seemingly little lives of others that we believe or disbelieve, but through lives and personalities we may receive as vast a conception as science receives of the Universe from the contemplation of microscopic life and the innumerable stars.

And this incomprehensible Trinity, he went on, is not only a refuge for the reckless and the agnostic; it is "the destiny of the developed." He is rather fond of speaking about "the developed" or "the evolved"—the men and women who appear to have reached some further stage than the rest of us. One may accept or not the Hindu and Buddhist theory of the soul's gradual evolution from life to life. At all events, it is ridiculous to suppose that common people who are proud of their wealth, and worship titles, and enjoy the fame of reception lists, could at once enter into the worship of God, or contemplate for a moment any divine mystery. We feel that for ages they must pass through some kind of Purgatory before they are capable of perceiving one glimpse of the inexplicable vision of which "the developed" appear sometimes to be conscious, and into which some may enter as their destiny.

Other words followed—hints at lasting and modern truth, drawn from the story of the son of Amoz, how his unclean lips were purified by the burning coal, until at last, in love's one great desire for service, he could cry, "Here am I; send me." But I do not wish to analyse a sermon. I only mention these points as characteristic of a man's nature. It may be that my usual happy fortune took me to the ancient chapel on a peculiarly characteristic day. But very likely almost any other Sunday would have done as well, for a rich and variegated personality is bound to express or betray itself, and a sensitive reed shakes and whispers with every inspiration of the spirit.

That afternoon he was preaching to the souls in Brixton prison. For, indeed, Mr. Hugh Chapman knows much about prisoners, being the brother of Mr. Cecil Chapman, wisest and kindest of London magistrates. So he preached to the souls in prison, and here, as in other points, one perceives a naïve opposition between his outward professions and his nature. "I have no sentiment about prisoners," he says. Most of them are not "worth while," and this side the grave we have not time to spend over people who are not worth

while. Ezekiel's river of God may flow to the desert and there expand beyond the measurement of the Angel's rod, but in salt marshes and stagnant bogs it stops dead. It is no good throwing pearls to pigs. And yet—and yet off he goes and preaches to prisoners. For who can tell when the soul of the lowest is extinct and all hope dead?

In appearance as in nature he would have made an early Franciscan, and among the saints, St. Francis is his ensample. One can imagine that spare figure in brown habit girt with rope, that mobile and sympathetic face palely glowing from the cowl, and rising to a spiritual dignity as it does when he speaks of the passion for God. But then, like St. Francis himself, he hates uniform, he "loathes clericalism," he has small respect for "the Church." Christ, he says, never intended to make a Church. He thinks nothing of the pomp and worldly circumstance of a bishop, whom we call "My Lord." After service he removes even the clerical collar, and dresses like a man. During service he alters obsolete or dubious expressions in the text, substituting words that no one can misunderstand. He preaches with such accuracy of sentence and phrase that I thought he was reading until I saw he had no manuscript or note. But in the midst of a dignity of language and a singular correctness of prose, he does not hesitate at the wildest slang, if so he may impress and be remembered.

His agreement with brides who refuse to take the ludicrous oath to "obey" in the marriage service is well known. One of his aims is to release women from the harem life (in reality more hideous than any Turkish harem life) of civilised society supported by prostitution; and to release them no less from the spiritual harems in which the clergy hold so many confined. I suppose I was first attracted to him by his courageous advocacy of vital and victorious causes which always rouse the intertwined rattlesnakes of privilege and dead-eyed custom to venomous rage. The Bishop of Hereford has also shown that courage; so has the present Bishop of Lincoln; but it has not been conspicuous in the Anglican Church. Yet in the March of last year, when the editors of "Votes for Women" had been arrested, and I was asked to help in the Fleet Street part of the business because the printer had withdrawn in terror (though Mr. Bodkin's dictatorship was then still young), Mr. Hugh Chapman courageously wrote for the paper as follows:—

"Mrs. Pankhurst has been for me the prophetic of a new and better time. . . . Small marvel if she finds arrayed against her the terrific force of the flesh, none the less deadly for specious terms or refined disguise. . . . Nor is it astonishing that she has evoked a fierce hostility on the part of those who prefer the old *regime*, though in this instance I am surprised that men and women of all parties who can see the enormous advantage to the State of this revolution, should not, in spite of any disagreements, however grave as to methods, or even accusations of lawlessness, bless these pioneers of such a mighty good."

In March, 1912, it needed some courage as well as discernment in the Chaplain of the Savoy to write that. All the more because the writer is not at all more violent or warlike by nature than the rest of us. Placable and sweet-tempered, he might often be tempted to the side of tolerance and peace, nor is any of us more reluctant to wrath. If it is a weakness to be sweetly reasonable, to understand the enemy's position, to look at every question from at least seven points of view (as I think Voltaire said), that is a weakness with which we all can sympathise, for it is the characteristic of our times. We shrink instinctively from savage indignation. Why expose one's heart to its lacerating claws? Under the shelter of tolerance and reasonableness, we avoid it so long as there is any possible means of escape, short of actually running away. Rage is the "ultima ratio" of wisdom, as war of kings, and both are terribly expensive. We are all for arbitration and the reduction of armaments, for reason and sweet counsel, until, perchance, at the very last the foulness of the enemy compels us to cry, "By the splendor of God, you shall not do that! I will kill you rather. I will rather die."

Take a question which is more discussed now than

even thirty years ago—the question of wealth and poverty. The Chaplain of the Savoy has no very large pay—about £1 a day for six days in the week, I believe—only three-quarters of the amount that Members of Parliament have voted for themselves, partly out of women's pockets. That is not poverty, certainly, but thirty years' service in Camberwell and Walworth has taught him what poverty is, and St. Francis was not more resolutely wedded to the cause of the poor. "The poor in God's name and the Devil's!" he could cry with Teufelsdröckh. Riches, titles, honors, lands, luncheons, the Society game—how stupid and abhorred! Why throw your pearls to pigs occupied with such wash? And yet—and yet one meets titled and even rich people who are more than pleasant. Some preserve the relics of a mind, some are haunted by the ghost of a spirit. Who can be their judge? As in the case of the prisoners, who can say of those beings incarcerated in wealth's prison when the soul is definitely extinct and all hope dead?

The Savoy was once a lazar-hospital, and once an Alsatia for cave-dwellers outside Society. It would accord with its tradition if the Chapel now became a lazar-house for rich and poor, a Mecca for Bohemia. Here those who seek joy and are capable of passion would find no bitterness, or sulks, or despair—nothing of that official melancholy so often assumed by the religious. Here they would win hilarity—the "blitheness" which people noticed in the early Christians, and which St. Francis revived. No reproach here, nothing drab or clerical, no taboo against those whose one idea of varying the dulness of wealth or poverty has been a week-end ticket to Hell. For every social or moral mistake one might here find repentance and hope, free from the terrors of this world's cruelty. As to distinctions of creed, denomination, and sect, such trivialities shrink out of sight and are forgotten. They lie behind us like unexisting phantoms; as Goethe said, the commonplace lay behind Schiller.

"The Padre" told me once (I suppose he has kept that title since his service as chaplain in the Tel-el-Kebir campaign)—he told me once he "loathed to be called Broad Church." Unfortunately, that phrase has somehow come to suggest transitory sewage, sanitation, and Blue-books rather than the lasting realities of the spirit. And as to more recent modes of worship, without despising them, he himself prefers to cling to the classic forms, so full of association, so beautiful in symbol, and so secure as a barrier against the subtle wiles of vulgarity. Coming down to a very subordinate matter, I remember that once, in a discussion upon Sundays, he said, "Well, I suppose it is better to play golf than to play God."

I have heard him described as a Mystic Christian. For myself I have long despaired of understanding the word "mystic"; but I can easily understand that as the letter dies, a nobler spirit is revealed, much as the past and the dead appear to all of us better than they seemed to be "in reality." And I can understand the Chaplain's desire to found "a city of refuge for those who are impassioned of the love of liberty, and yet are full of the love of God." Poets have told us of the New Life that love brings. Without going back to Dante, we remember the living poet's words:—

"Oh, when I was in love with you,
Then I was clean and brave,
And miles around the wonder grew
How well did I behave.

"And now the fancy passes by,
And nothing will remain,
And miles around they'll say that I
Am quite myself again."

That transfiguration most people have known, and it may be called miraculous, because it is so unaccountable and makes so much difference. It is so much like the miracle that converted water into wine. And if, by a similar passion raised to an infinitely higher power, the Savoy Chapel could thus inebriate with God, would it not be worth while?

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

Short Studies.

BY FIRE LIGHT.

SHE read the letter through twice, and then she stood for a few minutes looking in front of her, with her arms hanging loosely by her sides, and her foot tapping on the carpet. She was looking into the future with the thoughtful gaze of one who has cut off all communication with the past, and, with a strange feeling of detachment, she was wondering how that future would reveal itself, and whether he . . . ? She crossed to the fireplace, sat down, and read the letter over again.

When her husband went out that evening with his friend, he had kissed his wife in his now habitual hit-or-miss fashion, and asked her to settle his tie. He was always asking her to do something for him, and he never did anything for her. It was, "Will you hand me the paper, like a good girl?" and, "I say, dear, my pipe is stuffed, you might stick a hairpin through it," or, "You might see, old lady, if there is a match anywhere." Before their marriage she had been accustomed to men who did things for her, and the change was sudden: likeable enough at first—

How red the fire is to-night! They must be sending better coal than we usually get—there is not a single dark spot in it, and how the shape continually changes! Now it is a deep cave with stalactites hanging from the roof and little swelling hillocks on the floor, and, over all, a delicate, golden glow surging and fading. The blue flame on the top that flits and flickers like a will-of-the-wisp is gas, I suppose—I wonder how they extract it . . . I wonder will he be sorry when he comes home, and finds . . . Perhaps his friend will be sufficient for him then . . . It is curious to think of oneself as a piece of animated furniture, a dumb waiter, always ready when required, and decently out of sight when not wanted—not dumb, though! He cannot say I failed to talk about it; but, of course, that is nagging, and bad temper, and "making yourself ridiculous for nothing, my dear." Nothing! I warned him over and over again, but he must have company. He would be stifled unless he went among men now and again—"male company is a physical necessity for men, my dear." I suppose women do not need any other company than that of their husbands, and they must not ask too much of that . . . What strange, careless, hopeful creatures they are, and how they cease to value what they have got! Does the value rise again when it is gone, I wonder? . . . Out all day, and he cannot understand why I ask him to stay with me at night. "A man wants air, sweetheart." A woman does not, of course—she would not have the cheek to want anything: there is something not "nice" about a woman wanting anything. Do all men stifle in the air their wives have breathed? If I ask him, "Do you love me still?" he replies, "Of course; do you mind if I run out for an hour or two, dear?" One will ask questions. . . . A kiss in the morning, another at night, and, for Heaven's sake, don't bother me in the interval: that is marriage from a man's point of view. Do they really believe that women are alive? Is matrimony always a bondage to them? Are all women's lives so lonely? Are their wishes neglected, their attempts to think laughed at, their pride stricken?—I wonder . . . And he did love me, I know that: but if he has forgotten, I must not remember it. He could not see enough of me then. And the things he said, and does not remember. —I was a wonder that the world could not equal—it is laughable. A look from me was joy, a word delight, a touch ecstasy. He would run to the ends of the earth to gratify a whim of mine, and life without me was not worth living. . . . If I would only love him. If I could only bring myself to care for him a little—he was too humble, too unworthy to imagine—and so forth, and so forth, and it was all true then. Now I am someone who waits upon him. He wants this and that, and asks me for it. He has cut his finger and shouts for me to bind it up, and I must be terribly concerned about it:

somehow, he will even manage to blame me for his cut finger. He cannot sleep in the night, so I must awaken also and listen to his complaint. He is sick, and the medicine tastes nasty; I am to understand that if the medicine tastes nasty I am responsible for it—I should not have given him anything nasty: he is surprised; he trusted me not to do such a thing to him. He turns to me like a child when he has any . . . and trusts . . . he turns to me . . . like a child . . .

The sound of a horse's hoofs came to her, and she rose from her chair with frightened haste. She looked swiftly at the clock, and then stood listening in a rigid attitude, with a face that grew white and peaked, and flushed and paled again. The horse came swiftly nearer, and stopped a little way from the house. Then a foot crunched the gravel, and her desperate eyes went roving quickly about the room as though she were looking for a place to hide in. Next, after a little interval of silence, a pebble struck the window. She stood for a moment staring at the window and then ran to it, swung open a pane of glass, and, leaning out, she called in a high, strained voice—"I will not go." Then, closing the window again, she ran back to the fireplace, crouched down on the rug, and pushed her fingers into her ears.

Her husband came home before eleven o'clock, brushed the wraith of a kiss half an inch from her lips, and asked was there anything nice for supper. The supper things were already on the table, and, after tasting a mouthful—

"Who cooked this?" said he.

She was watching him intently—

"The girl did," she replied.

"I knew it," said he angrily, "it's beastly. You might have done it yourself when you were not busy. A lot you care about what I like."

"I will do it to-morrow," she replied quietly.

"Yes, do," said he, "there is no one can cook like you."

And she, still watching him intently, began to laugh.

He leaped up from the table and, after a stare of indignant astonishment, he stalked off to bed.

He turned for an angry instant—

"You are always giggling about nothing," said he, and he banged the door.

JAMES STEPHENS.

Letters to the Editor.

EQUALITY OF INCOME.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Shaw tells me "flatly" that I am bound to take up his challenge to produce a cut-and-dried plan of the distribution of incomes, on pain of swallowing, as an alternative, the primitive Socialism which he has lately seen fit to reproduce. Mr. Shaw can tell me what he pleases; but, fortunately, I need not listen to him unless I please. I shall not listen unless he can produce some better reason than the fact that I am engaged in learning what I can about Sociology and in imparting what I have learnt. Mr. Shaw's notion of a professor as a man who knows all about everything is so touching that I could only wish it were not obviously assumed. "I understand that ye're paid to know" was the historic answer of the Scottish undergraduate to the philosophy teacher who remarked that the question of immortality was one on which he did not care to dogmatise. Mr. Shaw seems to think that I am paid to know everything actual or possible about the social order, and not only to know it all, but to produce whatever my views may be as a target for his wit. "For," says he, "I have devoted his proposals to destruction," though his complaint is that he does not know what these proposals are. But that does not matter to Mr. Shaw. When a man has differed from him, sentence comes first and trial afterwards. "Who is this wretch who dares to differ from me?" he asks in effect. "Let him bring out his own proposals. From this moment I doom them dead. And now will he be good enough to tell me what

they are?" But what they are matters very little for Mr. Shaw's purpose. He is out for fun and knows that he can get it. He has only to stand on the platform for the gallery to snigger. When he opens his mouth, it laughs. When he says, "You are a professor and ought to be in a lunatic asylum," it roars at this subtle and delicate wit. Then he flaps his wings, calls out "Next, please!" and, obtaining no answer, retires to Olympus, where blameless Fabians serve him with the grapevines of the gods. Mr. Shaw no doubt enjoys himself vastly, but he suffers a much worse penalty than the mere temporary humiliation which he inflicts on his opponent. His power of indiscriminate ridicule is a ring of Gyges, which, by making him invulnerable, ends by making him incapable of self-criticism. Confident of his gallery, he takes his own most whimsical arguments, his fanciful analogies, his strained generalisations, his distortions of his opponent's words, for serious reasoning. He most pitifully deceives himself, and the truth is not in him. In controversy Mr. Shaw wins every battle and loses the campaign. For his methods silence an opponent but convince nobody; even the gallery, when it goes home, is quite aware it has had a good laugh but has learnt nothing.

Mr. Shaw's letter offers more than one example of the way in which he puts things into the mouth of opponents. In his first letter, he suggested that, through inexplicable reluctance to agree with him, I was driven to say something which I did not say. In reply, I showed that I was not driven by any such motive, because I formed my ideas without thinking about him at all—in fact, I merely used him as the handiest exponent of an idea which few others would express so candidly. He now declares he said nothing about the way in which I arrived at my ideas—which he did—and represents me as saying that: "I never offered to interfere with the gentleman" (as though I were backing out of a controversy which I voluntarily entered), when I said nothing of the kind.

Then, to come to more substantial matters, he says that I owned that I must necessarily break down over the job of measuring reward in terms of income. I did not own it. The allegation which suggests that something has been dragged out of me, appears, as far as I can see on reverting to my letter, to be a mix-up of three statements:—

1. That we can justly reject a wrong principle before we are certain of the right one.
2. That income should not depend wholly on exertion.
3. That the gratification derived from money is not a measurable magnitude.

What I contended was that, in any system which is likely to work, exertion will have to be a factor in reward, and that, for work of the same kind, time and piece-rates are rough measures of exertion. Mr. Shaw, ignoring the condition "of the same kind," romps and ramps about through a long paragraph upon the absurdity of comparing a day laborer's work with a barrister's, leaving the reader with the impression that the absurdity is mine. Of course I know that even in the same occupation every hour is not the same as every other, and, of course, Mr. Shaw knows that even in competitive industry time rates take account of fatigue.

Mr. Shaw asks how I should remunerate a baby. I should not remunerate a baby. I should feed and clothe him, or, as a member of society, I should see that his parents have the wherewithal to feed and clothe him. Not all that a person receives is "income." Income means a regular supply of money which the recipient can spend as he will, and Mr. Shaw's baby, with £40 a year, would not know what to do with it, except to swallow the sovereigns. But the adult and responsible person does need an income. He needs it as a basis for the guidance and direction of his own life, and if he is healthy and fit, he owes society the exertion of his powers in useful ways as a return. On this point Mr. Shaw and I are agreed. But Mr. Shaw says that the way to make people discharge their debt is "another matter." That is precisely where we join issue. It is not another matter. It is precisely this very matter of remuneration. Guarantee to everybody a fixed income, entirely irrespective of his work, and you will be reduced with Mr. Shaw to admitting that, if he does not work, you will have to kick him, shame him, or even kill him. Precisely so. Give up the principle that work and pay go together, and you will be driven to much rougher, more despotic, and less efficient methods. Mr.

Shaw's admissions under this head are just what his critics desired. My only regret is that Mr. Shaw himself cannot be made available to draw the picture which his plan suggests. No lesser pen could do justice to it. We can imagine how, if he were the critic, he would describe every business as controlled, let us say, by three Fabians, a muscular one to do the kicking, a superior one to do the shaming, and a peculiarly expert Fabian to hang a man in the luncheon hour, so that the work might go the more merrily in the afternoon. And all this as a civilised substitute for the principle of paying a man for doing his job!

Lastly, Mr. Shaw tries to frighten us by saying that he is the only man who knows his own mind, and that the man who knows his own mind gets his way. That depends on what sort of a mind it is. A mind that takes verbal scores, quips, and gibes for economic realities will not get its way, though it know itself ever so clearly. But Mr. Shaw has no right to assume that Liberal and Conservative social reformers do not know their own minds on that part of the issue on which sufficient experience has been acquired to enable a judgment to be formed. Many of them, I think, do know their own minds about the living wage, and are engaged on reducing the principle to terms of a practical policy, which they hope to be carrying through Parliament while the dialecticians are still beating the air. They are not satisfied with things as they are, and do not take other people's misfortunes easily. That is a sneer which I think Mr. Shaw himself, on reflection, will see to be outside the limits of the otherwise good-humored fun which he makes of us all. In defining and applying our principles, I do not say that we should agree on every detail or that we have overcome every difficulty, but we believe that we can get close enough to the facts to remedy the worst grievances, and make a considerable step in social progress. Meanwhile, Mr. Shaw's dialectics will provide him, and many with him, with a convenient reason for refusing to join us. "These Liberals and Tories have no principle, no consistency, no idea of their own drift and aim. Why bother about these half-hearted remedies? Give us absolute equality, and there is an ideal in which we are with you." So will they hold aloft the banner of the ideal, being well aware that they will never be called upon to bear it into action. It is no wonder that "Society" takes kindly to Mr. Shaw's revolutionary ideas. "Society" is safe so long as Socialism is in Mr. Shaw's hands. Nor is there a more convenient armor against a serious assault than a plausible formula which no one intends to apply to things, which has, in fact, no point of contact with things, but serves simply to discredit anyone who makes a serious attempt to deal with things by attacking existing inequality at the point where it is, in fact, most vulnerable.—Yours, &c.,

L. T. HOBHOUSE.

June 4th, 1913.

"HUMANITY IN RESEARCH."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Stephen Paget quotes some figures regarding anti-typhoid inoculation in our army. The classification, "mild" and "severe or fatal" cases, instead of "fatal" and "non-fatal," appears rather extraordinary. Why is not the actual death-rate given? It is so easy to call a non-inoculated case "severe" and put it into the same category with the deaths. However, to show that different medical observers arrive at different conclusions in the matter, I may quote Dr. Melville, late civil surgeon to the Natal Field Force, who accompanied his statistics with the remark ("British Medical Journal" of April 20th, 1901): "Complications among the inoculated soldiers were more numerous, the duration of the fever longer, and the death-rate higher." It may be said that 1901 is a long time ago, but as the inoculated fatality was lower than in the cases which have been quoted since as a proof of the value of inoculation, this cannot make much difference.

May I now reply to Mr. Paget on Malta fever?

(1) Mr. Paget gives an accurate description of the fever, but concludes with the statement that it is "endemic in all those tropical or sub-tropical countries where the goat is the sole or the principal cause of the milk supply." It must be remembered that Malta fever has been known by no fewer than nineteen different names, so it is pretty certain now to

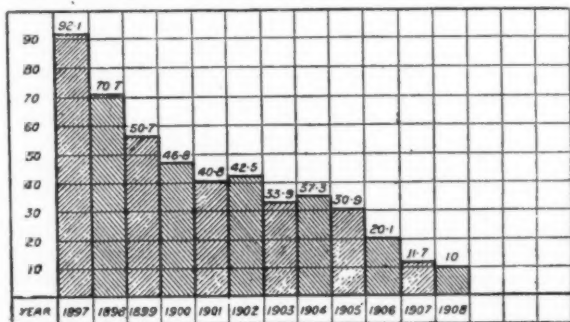
be labelled by one of the eighteen others if it occurs where goats are not. However, in 1908, at Stiva, Lucca, Italy, there was certainly a very severe outbreak, in which the *micrococcus melitensis* was found, and the agglutinin reaction test declared it to be Malta fever and no other; and the three scientific investigators who reported the particulars in the Annals of the Tuscan University remarked, "As to the way by which the infection spread during the period under discussion, any part played by the goat must be excluded, since goats are few and not used for milk." Add to this the fact that many people in Malta have never drunk goats' milk, yet have had the fever.

(2) Mr. Paget says that the inland towns and villages show a higher fever-rate than those round the harbor. Quite so; Dr. Hadwen stated the fact in his first article, and attributed it to the utter lack of sanitation in these neglected places.

(3) He then states that "the height of the fever-rate is in proportion to the number of goats in this or that town or village." I ask him to produce the statistics for this amazing and really ridiculous statement.

(4) He says: "There has been no sudden cleansing of the harbor in recent years." Who said there had? Dr. Hadwen gave the statistics of the gradual drop in "Malta fever" cases in the Navy at Malta from 45 per 1,000 in 1897 to 18 in 1905, and 11 in 1906; he also showed by means of the diagram which I reproduce that Mediterranean fever (including "simple continued fever, which is a milder type") had dropped gradually in proportion to the cleansing of the harbor.

Gradual Decline in "Mediterranean Fever" in the Navy from 1897 to 1908, consequent on cleansing the Harbour of the deposit of centuries of sewage. Showing ratio of cases per 1,000 of the sailors per annum.—



In his first article he remarked, "The drop from 1905 to 1906 is not sudden and disproportionate, as in the military table." Again, Mr. Paget is only repeating Dr. Hadwen.

(5) Mr. Paget remarks that the leisured classes get Malta fever more than the laborers. Constitution and mode of life may have something to do with this; but I should like to have some statistics and evidence upon this point. I know the misleading table about the officers. We have received, however, some extraordinary evidence direct from a Maltese doctor (Dr. Agius), who relates that out of one street certain houses alone would persistently harbor the fever, and invariably something was found wrong with the drainage! In one case his patient was a rich Maltese lady, who ridiculed the idea that her beautiful house was built over a cesspool—nevertheless, such was found to be the case. He gives another interesting case of a Jesuit hospital.

I now deal with Mr. Paget's next series. His idea is that "a germ is a disease and a disease is a germ." It is a convenient one. If a monkey gets feverish after the *micrococcus melitensis*, it has Malta fever; if it gets feverish after the alleged germ of any other fever, it has that particular fever. How could it be otherwise? For the germ is found in it—the very germ that was put in! The same thing happens, of course, when an investigator accidentally inoculates himself. There is no longer any doubt—no longer any confusion over the nineteen names!

Some curious contradictions appear. First, we are told that it took the Commission a year of laborious work to prove that Malta fever was not due to water, dust, mosquitos, &c. Why did not Mr. Paget add that the investigators who studied the question by the ordinary methods came also to the conclusion that milk was not the cause? The most incontrovertible argument against the goats' milk theory is that, by

dividing milk-drinkers from non-milk-drinkers, they did not obtain a result to tally with that theory.

Mr. Paget tells us that feeding monkeys with the germ caused them (1) not to take the fever; (2) to take the fever. What caused the difference? Was it that the "previous observers" were not enamored of Bruce's theory and the Commission was? He also makes a point of the feverishness of monkeys inoculated with the germ. If men inoculated themselves with milk instead of drinking it, there might have been some sense in this experiment.

The cock-and-bull story of the steamship "Joshua Nicholson" is worthy of "Alice in Wonderland." Five persons were declared to have Malta fever from drinking goats' milk, because they reacted to that very "agglutinin reaction test" which decided the cases at Lucca, where no milk had been drunk at all! And those five persons the few cases that can be cited out of a known total of ninety, plus the population of two quarantine stations, all of whom partook of the alleged dangerous milk! But though Mr. Paget skips the journey to America because nobody on board was ill, he pursues the goats after they have landed in America, and accuses them of infecting a woman who had for months been drinking bacteriologically pure milk, because the infected goats were all supposed to have been destroyed!

To turn now to the military cases, in which the fever declined suddenly, and not gradually, as in the case of the Navy. Mr. Paget remarks that "early in 1906 a small portion of the military garrison was moved into modern barracks." I should say it was the "small portion" that remained! But Mr. Paget is wrong in his dates. In reply to a question in Parliament, Colonel Seely admitted that the removal took place not "early in 1906," but between June 1st, 1905, and January 1st, 1906. At the former date, the number of troops in the insanitary St. Elmo barracks was 665, and on the latter date 83. The result of the change was shown in the great improvement as regards the fever in the early months of 1906, that is within six months before the goats' milk was stopped. During the first half of the year, the cases were only 120; during the whole of the previous year they had been 643. Mr. Paget says, to account for this, that "the first half of the year is not the chief time for the fever—the chief time is the autumn." Sir David Bruce, however, told the Royal Commission: "There is not much to be said in regard to seasonal prevalence." He rather scoffed at the charts which, like Mr. Paget's, represented the disease as chiefly prevalent in the autumn, remarking: "When you make a chart of this sort out of a number of years, you get a fixed chart . . . but sometimes epidemics arise in February, or March, or December in some years, changing the aspect of this chart, and showing that seasonal prevalence has very little to do with the disease."

One more statement of Mr. Paget's must be emphatically denied. He writes that after the stoppage of the goats' milk: "Among the civil population, it (the fever) went on to its heart's content"! So far from this being the fact, the cases fell rapidly among the civil population at about the same time as the great and undeniable fall of which so much has been made in the Army, and the considerably less marked and gradual fall which has received exaggerated importance in the Navy. The ratio of cases in the civil population was only 4.1 per 1,000 during the years 1897 to 1905; in 1907 it had fallen to 2.3, and in 1908, according to Mr. Paget's own table, it was lower still. Again, following Mr. Paget's Chart 3 (which is highly misleading, as it gives the appearance of a heavy incidence among the civilians, whereas, as I have shown, it is exceedingly light), in 1910 it had become higher again! If I adopted Mr. Paget's argument of *post hoc ergo propter hoc*, I might conclude that this was because the goats that might have provided for the populace nice, nourishing milk, impregnated with *micrococcus melitensis*, are being destroyed. The civil population, which has always drunk freely of goats' milk, has never had a high fatality of fever. As Dr. Hadwen points out, "the military attack rate was nearly four times greater than the naval, and forty-five times greater than that of the civil population—a conclusive proof that there must have been conditions outside goats' milk to account for such vagaries.—Yours, &c.,

BEATRICE E. KIDD.

(Secretary, British Union for Abolition of Vivisection.)
32, Charing Cross, S.W.

June 3rd, 1913.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Stephen Paget is one of the strangest controversialists that survives amongst us from the Stone Age. Once more, in answer to Mr. Shaw, he writes a long letter packed with assertions for which he gives little proof. It is enough for him that some vivisectionist or another asserts that he has discovered something which he calls a scientific fact.

Mr. Stephen Paget, with the touching faith of the Stone Age, immediately accepts the gentleman's assertion of his discovery, and proceeds to argue from it as if it were gospel. To lay down false—or, at least doubtful—premises and argue from them as if they were revealed from on high, is an old habit amongst theological controversialists in Scotland. In that country, in older days, when a minister quoted a text he expected his opponent to throw up his hands and confess himself worsted, unless, of course, the opponent was ready with another text of a more virulent nature.

Mr. Stephen Paget, in the same way, quotes as a dictum, without any proof, labels it (Smith) in the same way that Scottish divines labelled their text (Matthew)—the affix *St.* was considered a work of supererogation in Scotland—and expects Mr. Shaw to confess himself defeated.

Many and many a time has Mr. Stephen Paget produced Dr. Eyre's diagrams in lectures that he has given. People unaccustomed to controversy have marvelled at them, and have neglected to observe that they appeared in the "Lancet," which is practically a vivisectionists' journal. Others, whilst marvelling at Dr. Eyre's industry, have merely regarded his diagrams as his justification of his two years' work, and have taken them and the various *dicta* quoted by Mr. Paget as the prejudiced assertions of honest but mistaken opponents.

I observe Mr. Paget still treats Dr. Neisser in the same way that police magistrates treat suffragettes—refusing him even the consolation of the soul-satisfying "Dr." However, he again evades stating publicly what he calls "the facts of the case against Neisser." Having lived much in lands where what is known as "el tratamiento de Don" is general, I fail to see why the courtesy of "Dr." should not be extended to this Neisser, no matter how damning the facts of the case are against him. Is Mr. Paget, or is he not, an advocate of "Dr." Neisser's methods? If he is not, he can be no true advocate of Research, with or without Humanity thrown in. If he is, why does he shrink from letting us have the full facts of the case against Neisser, *coram publico* and in *extenso*?—Yours, &c.,

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

Devonshire Club, May 31st, 1913.

THE RIGHT OF CAPTURE OF AN ENEMY'S MERCHANT-SHIPS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Does Mr. Chas. Wright—whose letter you published yesterday—distinguish between a belligerent and a neutral?

He quotes a statement of mine, and says: "If this statement be true, it follows that international agreements are waste-paper." This does not follow from my statement. What does follow from it is that agreements to limit the operations of war concluded between two parties who subsequently become involved in hostilities with each other, are, as Mr. Wright says, "waste-paper."

There was not a word in my letter to you which could be interpreted as meaning that agreements between two parties, of whom one becomes a belligerent and the other remains a neutral, would necessarily prove inoperative or "waste-paper." The doubt as to Mr. Wright's seeing the difference between a neutral and a belligerent is supported by his references to contraband of war and cargoes. The question of contraband of war cannot arise unless a neutral is in some way concerned. To ask, as Mr. Wright does, of what use are international definitions of contraband, when, "according to Admiral Bridge," they will be ignored by belligerents, is to put into my letter what was not in it, and what is not like anything that was in it. I did not say that belligerents would ignore definitions made in agreement with neutrals. I did not say it, because I believe that it would not occur. Agreements with States that remain neutral are generally respected by States that are at war—perhaps owing to a

sense of justice, but more probably owing to the desire not to convert the neutral State into an additional enemy. The conditions as between belligerent and belligerent are very different.

In the paragraphs of Mr. Wright's letter relating to cargoes, he nowhere makes it appear that he sees any distinction between a neutral and a belligerent. Consequently, it is impossible to come to any other conclusion, except that what he says is, as regards the question with which I was dealing—viz., the capture of an enemy's merchant-ships—beside the mark. Has it ever occurred to Mr. Wright that many merchant vessels, which may belong to a belligerent, can be, and are very likely to be, converted into armed ships, not perhaps quite equal to regular cruisers, but useful for several purposes in war? Are these to be exempt from capture by the side which they will be used to injure?

Mr. Wright's remarks about "enemy claims" for insurance are interesting. I would respectfully suggest, as worthy of his attention, the advisability of ascertaining by whom the cost of such insurance would be ultimately and really borne. He may rest assured that the process will be interesting and the result enlightening.—Yours, &c.,

CYPRIAN A. G. BRIDGE.

June 1st, 1913.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Is it certain that the cause of humanity in war would be served if this country agreed to renounce the right to take the private property of its enemy's people at sea and to maintain commercial blockades? Capture at sea is only the maritime equivalent for the occupation of an opponent's territory by an invading army on land. If now we deprive ourselves of the power to put pressure on an enemy by destroying—or, at any rate, by hampering—and injuring his sea-borne commerce, it will become necessary for us to send an army of invasion to take possession of his territory. We shall have no other way of conducting the war. But will this be in the interest of humanity? I, for my part, doubt it. In the first place, we shall be compelled to provide ourselves with a much larger army than we now possess, seeing that we shall have no way of making war save by invasion. Are we prepared for this new burden? And then it is an old saying that sword, fire, and hunger are the three daughters of war, and that the third is the least cruel. Now, capture at sea aims at reducing by hunger. It is cruel, as all war is, but its cruelty does not fall inevitably and directly on women, children, the old, and the infirm, as all use of "fire and sword" in land invasion needs must. We have, let us hope, gone far above such abominations as the French desolation of the Palatinate, or the no less vile harrying of Bavaria by the Allies after Blenheim. Yet I have a lively recollection of what was to be seen around Paris just after the conclusion of the war of 1870-71. I am not referring to the work of the Commune in Paris, but solely to what was due to the siege. It was shocking, and yet it was the unavoidable consequence of the operations of war when conducted on land, even by a well-disciplined army. To me it is incredible that humanity would gain if we left ourselves no resources save to force our enemies to peace by battle and siege on land.—Yours, &c.,

DAVID HANNAY.

13, Orchard House, County Grove, S.E.

June 2nd, 1913.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE BISHOPS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It were hard to say whether surprise or regret was the prevailing sentiment in my mind as I read your notes on the action of the bishops in resisting the Welsh Disestablishment Bill. For, indeed, THE NATION is the very last place in which I should have expected to find a demand (so frank as to be almost cleansed from the taint of cynicism) for the revival of a corrupt and debasing tradition which most of us supposed had now been as definitely abandoned by honorable politicians as it has long been repudiated by religious men. Surely, surely, some foolish underling must have written those paragraphs, and their appearance in print was an editorial oversight! Certainly the present Prime Minister (whose dignified disdain of party considerations in the administration of Crown

patronage has won him respect in all quarters) would repudiate the suggestion that in advising the Sovereign to offer spiritual office to Christian ministers in the exercise of the most solemn and hardly the least difficult duty of his great office, he was silently proposing to religious men a disgraceful bargain, which had only to be named in order to fall under the legal disqualification (to say nothing of the moral infamy) of simony. You must give me leave to express my distress and amazement at a criticism which, I am fully persuaded, offends all fair-minded men.—Yours, &c.,

H. HENSLEY HENSON (Dean of Durham).

June 4th, 1913.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I was very glad to see the two excellent notes in your last issue in which you give a list of bishops appointed by the present Liberal administration, and called attention to the attitude they have adopted towards the Ministry which appointed them. I have no doubt you will be told that bishops are not appointed for political reasons, and that they are free to take up whatever line they like in relation to the controversies of the day. This is a misapprehension. Bishops, it is true, are not appointed exclusively for political reasons, but political considerations are bound to play a part in the selection of bishops as long as the bishops are actual or potential legislators in the House of Lords. Mr. Gladstone was one of the last men in the world to appoint bishops on political grounds, yet he says distinctly that one of the qualifications he looks for in a man he would select for the office of a bishop is, in his own words, "the possession of Liberal sentiments on public affairs." And he acted on this principle in appointing such men as Temple to Exeter, Fraser to Manchester, and Mackerness to Oxford. It is well known in ecclesiastical circles that some of the bishops on your list exhibited no antipathy to the Disestablishment of the Welsh Church before they got their sees, and it is, at least, a singular coincidence that their change of opinion should have so closely coincided with their elevation to the episcopal bench.

It is a mystery to the average man that the present Government, which has appointed one-third of the episcopal bench, should only possess one man of their own nomination who is not at the present moment actively opposing them. If the men they have appointed were men of conspicuous ability, if they were great preachers or great scholars or great administrators, much might be forgiven them. But who can look through the list which you have given us without being struck with the mediocrity of almost every one of them? It almost seems as if the Administration had delegated its church appointments to some obscure ecclesiastical clique, who succeed time after time in elbowing out every man of known Liberal sentiments on grounds which, if they were examined, would not bear the light of day. Hints are constantly being given that there are no Liberals fit for high office in the Church. There are dozens of them in reality. But if it is the custom to consult the bishops as to their qualifications, it is not difficult for their ecclesiastical superiors to damn them with faint praise.—Yours, &c.,

A LONDONER.

June 4th, 1913.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I—and perhaps you also, on second thoughts—regret the paragraph in your issue of May 31st about the bishops who have been appointed by the present Prime Minister and his predecessor. The bishops are not the lackeys of any Prime Minister. He exercises a trust for the Church and nation, and is not a distributor of spoils. As I read your list, there is only one whom I should be disposed to call a wobbler, and I daresay I am wrong about him, for I have had no opportunity of knowing his mind. Bishop Gore is, on your showing, open to the same criticism as the men you condemn.

I may, and do, regret the "values" the bishops whom you name have put upon things. I wish that they would condemn as whole-heartedly the "robbery" of the poor which our present social system encourages; but to reproach them

for ingratitude is an insult to the Premier and a degradation of politics.—Yours, &c.,

C. E. ESCREET.

June 4th, 1913.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—As a Churchman and a Radical who does not care very much whether or not the four Welsh Dioceses are what you call "disestablished," I am lost in wonder at the things you permit yourself to say (p. 331) about some of the bishops who have not the honor to agree with you about the Welsh Church Bill.

Do you really mean that because a priest is nominated by the Prime Minister to a bishopric that he *must* henceforth, under pain of being charged with dishonor, vote for any measure which the Prime Minister may introduce into Parliament? The Consecration Service (by virtue of which, and not by any action of the Prime Minister, the bishops were "made what they are") sets out quite clearly the qualifications and functions of a bishop. One of the qualifications (according to the Form of Ordaining, following 1 Tim., iii., 7) is that "he must have a good report of them which are without"; and to the possession of this qualification, nomination by the Prime Minister, representing many non-Churchmen, may be accepted as a valuable testimony; none the less valuable, perhaps, if the Premier happen not to be a member of the Church of England. But there is not a word in the Form of Consecration of Bishops about voting with the Liberal or any other Party. Your implied argument would require every Bishop consecrated, after nomination by (say) Mr. Bonar Law, to abstain from protesting against food taxes, however injurious they might be to his flock, or to resign his see, or to be denounced in *THE NATION* as a man who is not "honorable." And if it be true that Mr. Bonar Law is a Presbyterian, is the Bishop whom he has "made" to keep his consecration vows, or to preach what he believes to be "erroneous and strange doctrine" out of gratitude to the Minister to whom you would say he owes his "high preferment and valuable emoluments"? You should leave this sort of argument to the Tory Duke, who, having "made" his gardener "what he is," exacts from him, as the price of the "high preferment and valuable emoluments" of ducal gardening, the surrender of the right to call his political soul his own.—Yours, &c.,

FREDERICK VERINDER.

Stamford Hill, N.

Trinity II., 1913.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The question which you put to the Bishops appointed by the present Government is pertinent, and one which they would find it difficult to answer with self-respect. But it may be supplemented by another, addressed to the Government: Why did you appoint persons whose views were notorious, and whose action might have been foreseen?

It is not a question of appointing unsuitable men for political reasons; but of selecting from men, personally suitable, those whose opinions and sympathies make for the larger horizons both of religious and civil life.—Yours, &c.,

A LIBERAL CHURCHMAN.

June 4th, 1913.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Do you really mean to assert that a man is not to accept a bishopric from a Liberal Government unless he is not only a Liberal, but also agrees with every part of the Liberal programme? If so, this should be made clear at the time that the offer is made. It would be amusing to see the type of man to whom a Prime Minister would be reduced under such conditions!—Yours, &c.,

LAWRENCE PHILLIPS.

Theological College, Lichfield.

June 2nd, 1913.

PORTUGAL AND POLITICAL PRISONERS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I have looked in vain in the Duchess of Bedford's letter for any challenge of the statements I made in *THE NATION* of May 10th. On the contrary, she now excepts

the Penitenciaría from her more serious charges; and she admits some improvement in the Limoeiro. That improvement was already noticed on February 1st, long before her visit, by the British Minister. If the comparison with the Neapolitan prisoners under Bomba did not apply to either of these prisons at the time of the Duchess's visit, should not that have been made clear, and is not an immediate apology due from the Duchess to Commandant França, Governor of the Limoeiro? But if the comparison with Naples does not apply to these prisons, where most of the political prisoners in Lisbon were confined—and she saw no prisons outside Lisbon—what pretence can there be for this attempt to hold up a friendly power, long struggling with great difficulties, as a fit object for English condemnation?

As to the tribunals—which are legally constituted—there, too, the main charges are dropped. We are no longer told that their judgments are arranged beforehand; that they convict all alike, innocent and guilty; that, if they did not, court or prisoners would be assassinated. We are now told that we must protest against the long detention before trial, and the consignment of political prisoners to share the fate of criminals. Yet in British India political prisoners are kept in gaol for long periods without ever being brought to trial or even told the charge against them; and in English convict prisons no distinction is made between political and other prisoners. Is it any wonder that the motives of those who thus attack Portugal should be suspected? As to the accusations and the proof, I have read the reports of many cases. The accusations have always been serious—such as the distribution of arms or attempted enlistments—and where the proofs have been weak, there have been numerous acquittals.

Surely, the question of amnesty is one for those to decide who are responsible for the peace and order of the country. Nor is it likely that reckless or exaggerated charges will do much to promote it.—Yours, &c.,

S. H. SWINNY.

5, Palace Mansions, 101, Lambeth Road, S.E.

June 3rd, 1913.

ULSTER AND HOME RULE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In "Wayfarer's" very interesting "London Diary," I observe a reference to the late Lord Ashbourne's son, the Hon. William Gibson, which I should like to connect with the notes in the same issue on the speech made by Sir Edward Carson in Belfast a fortnight or so ago. It is, of course, obvious that Sir Edward Carson has no intention of dying anywhere than decently and comfortably in his bed; last ditches are not in Sir Edward's line; and this fact is very clearly recognised by Ulster men, one of whom, of Orange descent, told me a few months ago that if Sir Edward did any dying, it would be in the last ditch all right. "He'll expect us to die in the first one!" he said, with that dry humor which is characteristic of the North Irishman. Nor can we imagine the Marquis of Londonderry conducting a rebellion. The estates of rebels, I believe, are confiscate, and although Mountstewart (the Marquis's Irish residence) is a pleasant place, I fancy he puts more store by his collieries in England. We may put these people out of our minds.

My object in writing this letter to you is to emphasise the fact that the new Lord Ashbourne is a Home Ruler, whereas the late Lord Ashbourne was a Unionist. This succession is significant of the whole of Ireland. If you were to take a census of the ages of all the gentlemen who are prominent anti-Home Rulers in Ireland, you would find that the bulk of them are old men. When Lord Hugh Cecil disgraced himself by sitting tamely on a platform in Ulster while Orangemen vilely insulted the Catholic faith (for proof of which I would refer you to the "Church Times" special correspondent) he was accompanied on that platform by a number of men who were more distinguished for age than for sense. The fact is that the young men in Belfast are, in most cases, either indifferent to Home Rule or strongly in favor of it. I do not deny that some young men have been active in support of the Union, but it is a notorious fact that if they had not displayed such activity they would have found themselves among the unemployed.

Despite the terrorism, however, it is an indubitable assertion to state that the young men are not with Sir Edward Carson. It is, too, notable that most Ulstermen, when they leave Ireland and are free of the rancor in which they were bred, become passionate Nationalists. There are hundreds of Irishmen in London, born and reared in Orange homes, who are convinced Home Rulers; there are few such Irishmen in London who are still Unionists.

That, sir, is the hopeful thing about the Home Rule movement. When an Irish Parliament is at last by law established, you may be sure of this: there will probably be a riot in the streets of Belfast; but you may be equally certain that if the Home Rule Bill be finally rejected there will also be a riot. But there will be no more than that; the rough can soon be settled by the police, and it may well be that a little rioting will do good to him. A bloody nose or two often has a useful effect on the empty-minded. But there is a world of difference between a sporadic riot and an organised rebellion. The first will probably happen, though the quiet with which Mr. Hogg's election to Parliament for Londonderry was received makes me prepared even for the absence of rioting; but the latter will never happen. The young Irishmen won't let it happen.—Yours, &c.,

ST. JOHN G. ERVINE.

9, Arcade House, Temple Fortune, Hendon, N.W.

THE WELSH CHURCH BILL.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Ever since the last session of Parliament, throughout the months there has existed a great apprehension among the Liberals and Free Churchmen of Wales lest the Government contemplate conciliating the Anglican Establishment in Wales by offering further concessions before the Bill is sent up once more to the House of Lords. Mr. McKenna's promises at Cardiff and Holyhead have relieved the tension very considerably in the country. But what about the House of Commons when the Bill comes before it? It is open to the House, under the Parliament Act, to suggest amendments for the Lords' consideration, and it has been hinted that it is possible, in the case of the Welsh Bill at any rate, that it might be worth while to debate certain amendments and to send them up to the Lords in the form of resolutions attached to, but not embodied in, the text of the Bill. This would give Mr. W. G. C. Gladstone and Mr. France another opportunity to damage this poor Bill further. Mr. Gladstone has already shown his hand. Addressing the London Liberal Social Council a month ago, he frankly acknowledged, from his point of view, "that the Welsh Disestablishment Bill was too harsh," "too severe," and "too unmindful of the feeling existing"—as he alleged—"throughout the country" that "nothing injurious, or even ungenerous, should be done to the Church in Wales," and he went on to say that "there were amendments which would greatly strengthen the Bill." "It was no use disguising the fact that there were concessions to be had by compromise." Enough. Mr. Gladstone has shown his hand, and we know what to expect from him. Too much has already been conceded, and to what good? The two militant Bishops of Wales are as redoubtable as ever. Mr. Gladstone the grandfather never understood Wales, and the grandson understands it less. It is to be feared that he is playing into the hands of that astute politician, the Bishop of St. Asaph. I have said that the G.O.M. never understood the aspirations of Wales, and yet no country proved more faithful to him in all his great efforts.

Twenty-seven years ago, on the appearance of his famous Home Rule manifesto (although he never mentioned Wales at all in it), the writer told Mr. Gladstone that he would receive proportionately greater support from Wales in the pending critical General Election than he would get from Ireland itself, and it proved true. Wales and Monmouth returned twenty-five for Irish Home Rule against nine for the so-called Union.

The Bishop of Manchester and others talk of the "sinful alliance" between Welsh Nonconformists and the Irish Nationalists. They have much in common, and they represent national causes long urged and long denied. Wales has appealed patiently and yet determinedly for justice,

something commensurate with its national rights. Our opponents cannot expect to have it both ways. Either grant Ireland and Wales respectively national domestic Parliaments, or allow them absolute freedom of constitutional action within the British Parliament.

Are the Welsh Liberal Members of Parliament in the present Session resolved that there is to be no further tinkering with this "mean little Bill"? Are they going to act unitedly and resolutely to secure this mouse of a Bill as it is? Or, in default, it would be better to withdraw it quietly, and for the country to wait for another opportunity for realising its legitimate national aspiration.—Yours, &c.,
HUGH EDWARDS.

Liverpool, June 2nd, 1913.

THE COSTS OF THE CROWN.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Will you allow me to use your columns to draw attention to a case which has not been adequately noticed in the daily press? Everyone remembers that Mr. Pethick Lawrence was sentenced, with the other leaders of the W.S.P.U., for his share in its militant "conspiracy," to serve a term of imprisonment and to pay the costs of the prosecution. No one has failed to read some account of the sequel. Refusing to pay these costs voluntarily, his furniture was sold, and when the sum realised by the sale was found to be inadequate, he was, though notoriously solvent, made technically a bankrupt, so that the Official Receiver may help himself without further resistance to the sum which the Crown claims.

The legal duel has ended with a victory for authority; it remains to invite the verdict of public opinion. The issue has no connection with women's suffrage, or even with militancy. It is a simple matter of equity between authority and the individual citizen. It was an Act regulating legal procedure which in 1908 made it possible for the first time for the Crown to recover its costs in a public prosecution. Before that date each side paid its own expenses. The position to-day is that a citizen who has been prosecuted, however frivolously or even maliciously, has no remedy. He saves his skin and pays for the establishment of his own innocence. If, on the other hand, he loses, the costs of the process, which may send him to prison and ruin his social or professional standing, fall on his shoulders. There is in this rule a patent and revolting unfairness, even when the case is of no public interest. When the prosecution is political, this loading of the dice seems designed to enable a Government not merely to repress some excess, which may deserve to suffer a check, but also to ruin its opponents. What is done to-day against militant suffragists may be done to-morrow against some section of the Labor movement. What is done to-day, it may be without design as a matter of routine, may be attempted and repeated in the future with the deliberate intention of crippling the finances of some struggling adventure of opposition. The rule is indefensible from any standpoint of fair play; it is capable in practice of the most mischievous and menacing extension.

Whatever may be thought of the merits of the W.S.P.U. policy as tactics, the firmness and public spirit of Mr. Lawrence's protest against an Act which had no sanction from public opinion deserves the attention and support of all who understand the value in public life of his spirit of unflinching opposition. His sacrifice will be rewarded when the need for a revision of this Act is realised. The old plan of leaving both sides to pay their own costs was defensible. It would be reasonable to mulct the guilty, if the innocent could recover their expenses from the Crown. What is not defensible is a system which makes guilt and innocence equally burdensome.—Yours, &c.,

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

32, Well Walk, Hampstead, N.W.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S LOVE-AFFAIRS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—

"Alonzo loves! Alonzo loves! But whom?
His grandmother. Conceal me, gracious tomb!"

This passionate outburst is recalled to memory by your aspersion on Lord John Russell. Quoting his delightful love-

letter (written when he was fourteen), you say that it was addressed to his aunt. Surely, Byron never committed, Shelley never condoned, such an outrage as that! The letter was addressed to a beautiful damsel—Lady Anna Maria Stanhope—rather older than himself; who, at the time of writing, was no relation. Sad to say, she shortly afterwards married his eldest brother.—Yours, &c.,

CHE SARA SARA.

June 3rd, 1913.

THE TROUBLE IN BRISTOL UNIVERSITY.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In my letter in your issue of May 17th, I challenged the Vice-Chancellor of Bristol University to make public the very terms of the Standing Order of Council regulating the tenure of professors there. The Vice-Chancellor has not accepted the challenge.

The Vice-Chancellor has from time to time made statements as to the tenure of professors in Bristol, the accuracy of which has been impugned. Though challenged, he has not taken the opportunity of establishing the truth of his version by producing the one document that can be accepted by the public as evidence of the actual facts.

The publication of the Standing Order would show not merely that the alleged security of tenure is non-existent, but that the Standing Order of Council is itself a violation of the Statutes, and therefore invalid.

The resolution of the Senate to the effect that its members enjoy "ample security" is a measure of that body's degradation. So insecure is the tenure of individual professors that it was possible to obtain from them collectively, though not unanimously, a resolution expressing satisfaction with that tenure, though, individually, they are far from regarding it as "ample."

And of all the official statements that have been made about the tenure of Bristol professors, none has been more astounding than the assertion of the Vice-Chancellor that "the security given to a professor in Bristol is . . . greater than the Advisory Committee (to the Board of Education) demanded"!—Yours, &c.,

GRADUATE.

Poetry.

VERSES FROM THE FINNISH.

PARTING.

"LET fall, O love, the soft and heavy arms
That fain would hold me still;
Sweet with the stir of joyous blood, that charms
My backward-turning will.
No more the tragic splendors of thy face,
Passion and promise, fear,
Resentment, longing, tenderest yielding grace,
Bind me your captive here.
Hide, hide your star-compelling eyes! O cover
The desperate pulse of your white breast!
—Think of me as a shadow, once your lover,
Once dear; forget the rest.

"Our bond is naught; we cannot tread the way
Of those unmoving souls,
Who, hand in careless hand, live out their day
Thought-sundered as the poles.
Alas, my rebel spirit drew apart
Even while lips and lips
Were mingled; yea, when heart beat upon heart
In tumult and eclipse
Of life, and fusion of two beings; still
The deep Self hid alone,
Ashamed, yet all triumphant in the thrill
'I am once more mine own.'"

Translated by ROSALIND TRAVERS.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "The Problem of Christianity." By Josiah Royce. (Macmillan. 2 vols. 15s. net.)
 "Within our Limits: Essays on Questions Moral, Religious, and Historical." By Alice Gardner. (Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)
 "Madame Royale." By Ernest Daudet. Translated by Mrs. Rudolph Stawell. (Heinemann. 10s. net.)
 "The Life and Times of Gilbert Sheldon." By Vernon Staley. (Wells, Gardner. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "Czar Ferdinand and His People." By John Macdonald. (Jack. 12s. 6d. net.)
 "John Willis Clark: A Memoir." By A. E. Shipley. (Smith, Elder. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "A Wayfarer's Faith." By T. Edmund Harvey, M.P. (Wells, Gardner. 1s. 6d. net.)
 "The Inside of the Cup." By Winston Churchill. (Macmillan. 6s.)
 "A Prisoner in Fairyland." By Algernon Blackwood. (Macmillan. 6s.)
 "Portraits et Souvenirs." Par Henri de Régnier. (Paris: Mercure de France. 3 fr. 50.)
 "L'Allemagne Ennemie." Par J. et F. Regamey. (Paris: Michel. 3 fr. 50.)
 "Gustav Freytag's Briefe an Alfred von Stosch." Herausgegeben von Dr. Hans F. Helmolt. (Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlags. M. 7 50.)
 "Die Vier Könige." Von Georg Engel. (Leipzig: Grethlein. M. 5.)

AMONG the books to come from Mr. Werner Laurie during the present season is a biography of Mr. George Moore's father, which gives an account of an Irish gentleman who might well have been the hero of one of Lever's novels. George Henry Moore distinguished himself as traveller, soldier, duellist, racing man, and politician, and the field of his adventures extended to Russia, the Caucasus, Persia, Egypt, and Palestine, as well as Ireland and Westminster. The biography—which has been written by his son, Colonel Maurice Moore, and contains an introduction by Mr. George Moore—gives a full account of the Irish famine and of Irish political history from 1846 to 1870. Moore took a leading part in the opposition to English Ministries, and did a great deal to start the movement of which Butt and Parnell became the leaders. Unpublished letters from Duffy, Lucas, Keogh, Dr. MacHale, and others, will be included, and these throw fresh light on the early days of the Home Rule agitation.

CECIL RHODES is getting his full share of attention from biographers. During his lifetime Messrs. Chapman & Hall brought out a bulky volume called "Cecil Rhodes: His Political Life and Speeches" by "Vindex," and since Rhodes's death there have appeared Sir Lewis Michell's official biography, as well as other biographies by Sir Thomas Fuller and Mr. Philip Jourdan. We now learn that Mr. Murray has yet another "Life" in preparation. The author, Mr. Gordon Le Sueur, was private secretary to Rhodes for several years, and his book will abound in intimate details and unpublished anecdotes. Besides treating of Rhodes's early days and friends in Kimberley, and telling the story of the De Beers amalgamation, Mr. Le Sueur gives chapters to Rhodes's work as an organiser, his political activities in Cape Colony, the Transvaal, and Rhodesia, the group of young men whom he influenced, and his private life at Groote Schuur. There are also to be some revelations concerning Rhodes's ideals of Irish Government and his contribution to the funds of the Irish Party.

NEXT week the Manchester University Press will publish an edition of "The Poetical Works of Drummond of Hawthornden," for which Professor Kastner has supplied critical notes and some fresh biographical information. He has succeeded in establishing that Drummond borrowed extensively from the French poets of the Pléiade, as well as from Italian writers, and that he was one of the few poets of his day, writing in English, who had a considerable knowledge of Spanish literature.

CARLYLE seems to be having a decided vogue in France during the past few years. The apparently impossible task of translating his works into French has been undertaken with a large measure of success, and—in addition to "The French Revolution" which was translated in 1867—"Sartor Resartus," "Heroes and Hero-Worship," "Past and

Present," "Latter-Day Pamphlets," "Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches," the "Reminiscences," a selection from the "Essays," and several volumes of correspondence are now accessible to French readers. Critical appreciations of his activity are also in evidence, and last week Messrs. Bloud added a biographical and critical study, written by M. Louis Cazamian, to their series of "Grands Ecrivains Etrangers." M. Cazamian terms Carlyle "the great regenerator of modern English vitality," and attributes to his influence both the crusade for social reform and the modern Imperialist movement. But while holding that Carlyle's influence has saved England from the worst evils of moral corruption and economic individualism, M. Cazamian believes that "his disciples will count in the history of ideas as forces tending in an opposite direction to his own." "The Puritanism of a Shaw," he adds quaintly, "has nothing in common with Carlyle's; and to-day a Galsworthy teaches the English conscience lessons that he would not have understood."

GUIDE-BOOKS to books were never more necessary than they are to-day, and we welcome the enlarged edition of Dr. Ernest Baker's "Guide to the Best Fiction in English" which Messrs. Routledge have just published. Its purpose is "to supply a fairly complete list of the best prose fiction in English, with as much characterisation of the contents, nature, and style of each book as can be put into a few lines of print." Now that fiction has grown out of all knowledge, this is a most useful undertaking, and Dr. Baker has carried it out with remarkable success. He includes over 7,000 different works, ranging from the Anglo-Saxon version of Apollonius of Tyre to the latest novels of Mr. Wells and Mr. Arnold Bennett, and he furnishes each with a short note indicating the theme with which it deals, its date, and other bibliographical information. Readers who require guidance through the mazes of fiction will find all that they need in Dr. Baker's volume, and we have no doubt that it will save a good deal of time and temper in our public libraries.

A BOOK like Dr. Baker's enables us to form some estimate of the enormous increase in the output, not of mere trashy novels, but of those which can put forward some claim to attention. While the "Guide" is able to deal with the eighteenth century in a little over ten pages, the nineteenth century runs to a hundred and thirty-five, and the novels by writers still living occupy no fewer than a hundred and twenty-seven. And as if this were not enough, we exact lavish contributions from other countries in the shape of translations. Dr. Baker devotes over a hundred and thirty pages to English translations of foreign novels, and no inconsiderable proportion of these come under the heading of "Present Day." The majority, as might have been expected, are French and German, but the Spanish, Italian, Russian, and Scandinavian contributions are far from negligible. Even Japanese fiction occupies a page, and modern Greek fiction furnishes its share. Three literatures are as yet represented by only a single translation—Bulgarian, by Ivan Vazov's "Under the Yoke"; Bosnian, by Milena Mrzovic's "Selam"; and Yiddish, by Isaac Loeb Perez's "Stories and Pictures."

IT is difficult to understand why the literary level of our English hymns should be so low, and Dr. W. H. Rouse will find many to agree with the views he expresses in the current number of "The English Review." If we examine our hymns in a critical mood, he says, we cannot but be overcome with melancholy. "They are so well meant, and so badly expressed; so pious, and so ridiculous; they are sentimental when they should be impassioned, grovelling instead of penitent, incoherent when they ought to be simple." Many of them are "mere incoherent babbling," and Dr. Rouse pleads that "if to write a hymn be the ambition of every pious man, it is his duty as an honest man, when written, to burn it." Milton, Ken, Cowper, Tennyson, Longfellow, Whittier, and Isaac Watts—Dr. Rouse might have included the Wesleys—furnish hymns of good quality, while a certain number of others may be found in such old poets as Campion and Herrick, or buried amongst the rubbish of "Hymns Ancient and Modern" and other collections. By making use of these, an end would be put to the yoke which joins religion and illiteracy, and people freed from the injury caused by associating "their holiest feelings with detestable doggerel and insincere sentimentality."

Reviews.

EPIC POETRY, PAST AND FUTURE.

"English Epic and Heroic Poetry." By Professor W. MACNEILE DIXON. (Dent. 5s. net.)

THIS is a fine piece of comprehensive criticism; and it is also a very enjoyable piece of lucid and alert prose. The time has gone by for despising the professor of literature; he is no longer the harmless drudge who has to read all the dull old books and tell us what they are about. Mr. Oliver Elton and Sir Walter Raleigh have notably raised his function; we expect him now to minister to the literature of power as much as to the literature of knowledge. In a word, we look to professorial criticism nowadays to be constructive without ceasing to be comparative. Professor Macneile Dixon's book confirms this expectation; a not very promising theme has been treated in a manner that is both extremely informative and finely stimulating to connoisseurship.

Professor Dixon searches the nature of epic acutely and deeply; but he allows that the nature of epic rests at bottom simply on a feeling—a feeling more easily described than defined—that, for example, "Beowulf" and the "Iliad," "Paradise Lost" and the "Æneid," have a similar artistic purpose; that, moreover, such poems as the "Faery Queene," "Don Juan," and "The Life and Death of Jason" have artistic purposes that will not fit into the word epic. A book strictly on English epic would have been merely a book about "Beowulf" and "Paradise Lost"; for these are the only poems we can justifiably claim as epic. Salvation comes from the conveniently obscure category of "heroic" poetry; for, under the head of "heroic," almost any kind of poem may be considered, from "The Faery Queene" to "Childe Harold," the one thing required being that the poem should bulk large in print. And so Professor Dixon is enabled to survey the whole process of English literature, and to discuss every sort of full-length versified narrative that is to be found therein: Chaucer; the prodigious chronicle-poem of Layamon (admirably appreciated here); the Scottish histories of "The Bruce" and "The Wallace"; the Elizabethan heroics; curiosities like Cowley's "Davideis" and Chamberlayne's "Pharonnida"; the conscientious attempts made in the eighteenth century and by Southey to "bring back the mastodon"; and the epic approximations of Scott, Byron, Tennyson, Morris, and Arnold. Through the side-door of "mock-heroic," even "Hudibras," "The Rape of the Lock," and "The Dunciad" are admitted. It is all extremely well done. Professor Dixon is as finely aware of æsthetic values as of historical relationships. We doubt whether it was worth while to discuss seriously those formidable abortions of the eighteenth century, the labors of Blackmore, Glover, and Wilkie; and we are sure that Landor's "Gebir" and Keats's "Hyperion" deserve more than passing references. "Hyperion" is especially interesting, not only because of the marvellous attempt at regular epic in the first version, but also because the second version is a daring experiment in transforming the manner while keeping the stuff of epic. The general effect, however, of Professor Dixon's book is very illuminating. We see, through the history of a whole literature, one kind of poetic genius continually striving to effect complete capture of the epic inspiration; and, among a great number of interesting, beautiful, noble, but (from this point of view) unsuccessful poems, during the period when English literature is really and truly English, in one single instance only embodying the whole epic spirit—in the colossal instance of "Paradise Lost."

Obviously, Professor Dixon's book forces us to ask ourselves a question very troublesome to answer: What is to be the future of the epic inspiration in English poetry? It can hardly be supposed to have gone for good; and yet it can hardly be expected to come back to us, except in some totally new kind of avatar. Speculation in this matter may be helped by some development of Professor Dixon's classification of epic, which he divides into "authentic" and "literary." English literature, he says, is unique in possessing both kinds of epic—"authentic" in "Beowulf," "literary" in "Paradise Lost." The division is real enough; but it must be

carefully considered. It is no longer possible to talk glibly of "communal inspiration," still less of "communal composition." Poetry is the work of individuals. How, then, does the "authentic" differ from the "literary" epic poet? Some say in "nearness" to his subject. But surely Milton is as near to his subject as Homer. If this were the test, the really "literary" epic poet would be instanced in Southey, who would carefully read up history and geography for a few months and then proceed industriously to build an epic out of crude lumps of learning. And Southey's chief failure as an epic poet is precisely this, that he is never anywhere near his subject. Assuredly, Milton is not "literary" in this fashion; his subject became an integral part of himself through years of profound forethought. Coleridge, with his usual insight, saw the necessity here; out of his minimum period of twenty years for the composition of an epic poem, ten were to be taken up entirely by preparation—not that the poet might collect all the resources of literature, but that he might altogether become his subject. It appears, then, that the difference between "authentic" and "literary" comes to no more than this: the "literary" poet writes epic by deliberate preference, choosing this out of the many available forms of poetic expression because it is, for him, the most admirable; whereas the "authentic" poet writes epic simply because he has no choice whatever: in his age and society, to write at all is to write epic.

This is the only difference which candor can find holding good through the whole of the two classes of epic poetry. But in the two greatest of "literary" epic poets, in Virgil and Milton, we find also a subsidiary difference; and this, perhaps, gives us the key to the problem, what is to become of the epic inspiration in the future? This subsidiary difference is, that in both the "Æneid" and "Paradise Lost," the ostensible subject is merely an excuse for a secondary and quite other subject. The "Iliad" is no more than it pretends to be—"the wrath of Achilles"; the "Odyssey" declares simply the wanderings and character of Odysseus. And so with "Beowulf"; it is concerned with nothing but the prowess of the hero. But Virgil's subject is much more the Roman Empire than the fortunes of Æneas; for Milton, the war in heaven, the characters of his good and bad angels, the story of Eden, are but materials used for a tremendous poetic statement of human nature's eternally central problem, the existence and nature of evil. Clearly, "Paradise Lost" has a decided advantage over the "Æneid" in this matter; Virgil's secondary subject is a small affair compared with Milton's. Johnson has been laughed at for approving Addison's statement that Milton chose a subject "universally and perpetually interesting." Darwin, it is said, has reduced Milton's history to fiction. But this is to look only at the ostensible subject of "Paradise Lost"; as regards its secondary and more important subject, Addison asserted merest truth. It would be an idle business to compare the arts of two such towering poets as Virgil and Milton. But it must surely be allowed that the advantage Milton has over Virgil in original conception is continued through many striking details of imagination, especially details of the supernatural machinery. Thus, Virgil's "Tantæne animis cælestibus iræ?" is obviously far more "literary" than Milton's "Evil, be thou my good!" And the instance is only typical. But we can sum up the position of the two poets in the general history of epic broadly in this manner: Virgil, coming after the "literary" epics of later Greece, first showed that epic was capable of developing naturally a new artistic purpose; Milton first showed what sort of a purpose that ought to be, if epic is to continue its development.

Milton, then, with his "gigantesca sublimitas," is not only the last of the great epic poets; he seems to herald a new embodiment for the epic inspiration. We need not be surprised that it is near three hundred years since that consummation of the old and sublime promise of the new was published to the world, and yet we still wait for the promise to be fulfilled. The history of epic has always been in the past, and will always be in the future, vast tracts of endeavor and very few peaks of achievement. It is not even possible to say precisely what it is that time will disengage from the epic result of the past and set working to epic purposes of the future. But one can guess broadly what this will be. And it is significant that Milton speaks somewhere of the Book of Job as a model of epic poetry. This it cer-

tainly is not in the present sense of the word epic; but the remark profoundly shows what Milton conceived of the functions of epic. It is the question once more, in another form, of the supernatural machinery. "Paradise Lost" is practically all supernatural machinery; and well it might be. For on the special purpose of what was once one of the devices in the whole business of epic, the epic inspiration of the future will assuredly concentrate. To perfect some great and universally recognisable symbol of man's conscious conception of himself and of his fate, to achieve in terms of poetry—in non-dramatic, continuous poetry—some statement of relationship between known and unknown; that, we can say, is what awaits the particular kind of inspiration which once produced epic. But how that is to be effected, only the future knows. It has been attempted. In the ancient world, after the Alexandrians, epic seemed, as it now seems to some, bankrupt. But Lucretius knew what was required; however clumsy and non-epic the embodiment he contrived, the inspiration of epic was at work more strongly in him than in anyone since Homer; it was, moreover, striving to find through him the new expression for which we are still waiting. His poem is, perhaps, the nearest thing there has yet been to the new poetic species which must, sooner or later, arise out of the nature of epic. But after him the miracle of Virgil happened. That can only be paralleled in the succession of Milton to Dante; for Dante, like Lucretius, seems marvellously on the verge of recreating epic without actually doing so. But Milton achieved a regular epic without losing—with, on the contrary, tremendous strengthening of—the suggestion of a new epic nature. We must not expect any more such miracles to happen; possibly it will not be altogether fortunate if they do happen. The process, however, goes forward in poems so unlike as "Paradise Regained," and "The Prelude" and "The Excursion," with varying success, but always tentatively. Through these poems, more than through the heroic narratives of our literature, the future, we surmise, will trace the descent of its epic inspiration; for these are the poems that have at heart the essential functions of epic henceforward. But beyond such general suggestions of coming development in the nature of epic, it is not possible to go; some, no doubt, will find it inexcusably rash to have gone so far.

THE IRISH SEA OF BLOOD.

"Ireland under the Commonwealth: Being a Selection of Documents Relating to the Government of Ireland from 1651 to 1659." Edited, with Historical Introduction and Notes, by ROBERT DUNLOP, M.A. (Manchester University Press. Two vols. 25s. net.)

MR. DUNLOP's is but one of a long line of historical works referring to Ireland which seem to us to be rather inaptly named. His book ought by right to be entitled not "Ireland under the Commonwealth" but "The Commonwealth in Ireland." This means only that Mr. Dunlop belongs to the conventional school of Irish historians who generally appear to be trying to write Irish history with Ireland left out. Every modern Irish history that we know, except Mrs. Green's, is—to use the popular phrase—simply "Hamlet" without the Prince. Irish history as it is written, indeed, is one of the few things to which the phrase can be applied without exaggeration. Mr. Dunlop's book, we admit, does not, except in its title, profess to give us a complete survey of Ireland at any period. It is for the most part a selection of documents "drawn from a number of volumes, known as the Commonwealth Records, preserved in the Public Records Office, Dublin." On the other hand, the editor has written an historical introduction, in which he sets out to explain the steps leading up to the Insurrection of 1641, and the consequent settlement of Ireland by Cromwell. It is in this long and very honestly intentioned introduction that we discover how little Mr. Dunlop realises the central facts of Irish history during the first four or five centuries of the English connection. He knows nothing imaginatively of the native culture, the native energies, the native ideals, that rose time and again through those centuries like the season's crops, only to be destroyed as noxious weeds threatening to choke the fine flower of colonisation. He is like a man who would study a people, not in their actual lives, or even in their books, but in their

—and other people's—Blue-books. Obviously, the truth about a conquered people can never be reached along these lines. Truth, in conquered countries, does not hide itself in easily accessible wells; it is comparable, rather, with the needle lost in the haystack. Of all modern writers, Mrs. Green is the only one with sufficient imagination and patience to set out upon the well-nigh hopeless search for the lost facts of Irish history. How richly her courage has been rewarded is known to all readers of "The Making of Ireland" and "The Old Irish World." But so far as Mr. Dunlop is concerned, Mrs. Green might as well never have written a line.

At the same time, he deserves credit for having allowed himself to be led by the sheer logic of facts to the recognition at least of the continuous stream of Irish national sentiment from the days of Henry II. onward. He himself would, we do not doubt, state the matter differently. But his comparison of the attitude of the Irish Catholic gentry in 1640 to the attitude of the Irish Protestant gentry in 1780 is significant, and suggests that he is well on the way to perceiving the permanent meaning of Irish Nationalism, without a perception of which it is quite impossible to understand the history of Stuart, or Cromwellian, or Victorian, or present-day Ireland. He became aware, in the course of his studies, he tells us, "of the existence in Irish history of the continuity of certain ideas, which I can only describe as a feeling of antagonism between Ireland and England, or, rather, between the English in Ireland and the English in England. This antagonism, which is to be traced from the days of Henry II. down to our own, seemed to me to be grounded in the claim made by England to regard Ireland as a conquered country and the refusal of Ireland, on the other hand, to admit that claim." The historian who has grasped so much as this has taken a decisive step towards a true reading of Irish history. The quarrel between Ireland and England, he must now confess, has never been a quarrel between evil and good—between barbarism and civilisation; it has simply been the natural and healthy resistance of the inhabitants of a country to those who claimed the right to rule them from abroad. The fact (stressed by Mr. Dunlop) that the English in Ireland have demanded self-government from England as insistently as did the native Irish themselves, ought to enable any impartial student to see that the demand for self-government, instead of being a proof of racial wickedness, is rooted so deeply in practical human needs that racial differences and antagonisms have again and again tended to be forgotten in its pursuit. If the English invaders of Ireland had settled down in the country and governed, or helped to govern, it without outside interference, there is no reason to doubt that Ireland would have absorbed them as successfully as England absorbed her Norman conquerors. If the Normans had persisted in trying to rule England from Normandy, England would never have assimilated them, but would have been in exactly the same position as Ireland is in to-day. We fear, however, that, much as Mr. Dunlop has admitted in explanation of the reasonableness of Irish Nationalism, whether in Stuart or other days, he is still unable to free himself from the old idea that the Irish people are cursed with a double dose of original sin. The difficulty of the English conquerors, he tells us, with pathetic innocence, was to make the Irish "listen to reason, and induce them to abandon a mode of life which prevented Ireland taking her proper place among the nations of Europe." As was to be expected, he refers to the evils of the clan system, and reminds us of the murders perpetrated as a result of the custom of tanistry. It does not seem to strike him that a considerable amount of civilisation may exist (as in medieval England and Renaissance Italy) even where a great deal of blood is shed in disputes about succession. He does not understand that a people may be carrying on traditions of culture and industry, even while its chiefs and barons are cutting each other's throats. The truth is, Mr. Dunlop's conviction that England went to Ireland on a civilising mission remains impervious to logic. He does not see Tudor and Stuart history in Ireland realistically as the history of a now slack and now furious movement for seizing the lands of the people. He does not see that the rising of 1641 was the inevitable result of a people's having been dispossessed of their land as well as of their having been dispossessed of their national liberty. He admits, to be sure,

that agrarian and religious injustices did contribute to the fierceness of the rebellion; but no one reading his introduction would get even a moderate idea of the extent and nature of the agrarian and other wrongs under which the Irish people had then been suffering for a century. Lecky and Froude, unlike in most things else, both agree in painting the Elizabethan progress through Ireland as something more atrocious in its details than anything of which Alva can be accused in the Netherlands. Froude tells us that the extinction of the Irish "was contemplated with as much indifference as the destruction of the Red Indians in North America by the politicians of Washington, and their titles to their lands as not deserving of more respect," and that "to those intending colonists they were of no more value than their own wolves, and would have been exterminated with equal indifference." "In justice to the English soldiers," he observes, ". . . it must be said that it was no fault of theirs if any Irish child of that generation was allowed to live to manhood." Even if the plantation of Ulster was afterwards carried out with fewer horrors—and the flight of the Earls, to say nothing of their wars, had left the people of Ulster with little power of resistance to be violently overcome—it was still another act of fierce aggression, and the character of the planters (as described, possibly in colors too dark, by a minister's son at the time) does something, as Lecky says, to explain the ferocious nature of the rebellion that resulted:—

"From Scotland come many, and from England not a few, yet all of them generally the scum of both nations, who from debt, or breaking or fleeing from justice, or seeking shelter come hither, hoping to be without fear of man's justice, in a land where there was nothing, or but little as yet, of the fear of God. . . . On all hands Atheism increased and disregard of God; iniquity abounded, or contentious fighting, murder, adultery. . . . Going to Ireland was looked upon as a miserable walk of a deplorable person; yea, it was turned into a proverb, and one of the worst expressions of disdain that could be invented was to tell a man that 'Ireland would be his hinder end.'"

Obviously, though Mr. Dunlop seems not quite to realise this, the invasion and grabbing of Ireland by a horde of licensed adventurers would itself be sufficient explanation of the 1641 insurrection, even had there been no religious or national questions at issue as well. We should expect, too, to find such an insurrection stained with wild deeds in retaliation for the long savageries of the oppressors. None the less, cruel and bloody as the insurrection was bound to be, the story that the Irish in 1641 carried out a general massacre of the settlers—a story to doubt which seemed to Hume to be a denial of reason—a story, too, to which the Orangeman still clings with a wild and almost enthusiastic fidelity—can no longer be maintained by the fair Unionist historian. "In fact," says Mr. Dunlop briefly, "no such massacre as that afterwards charged on the Irish ever did take place." How, then, are we to account for this monstrous fiction that still seems to color the imaginations of men? Was it invented to prepare the way for a fresh plantation? Mr. Dunlop thinks not. The rebellion itself must have been regarded as sufficient excuse for that. The story, in Mr. Dunlop's opinion, was set afoot chiefly with a view to damaging King Charles, whose intrigues with the Irish the Puritans suspected.

"The more mud that was thrown at the Irish the more chance there was that some of it would stick to him. The more atrocities the Irish were guilty of, the greater would be his responsibility. It was a cleverly conceived plan, but when it is recognised to be such it helps us to understand why a campaign of slander was immediately set on foot in England."

On the other hand, we feel sure it was not the rebellion, but the pretended massacre, which made Cromwellian history in Ireland so pitiless a story of the extirpation of the native race. Possibly the confiscations would have been determined on even if the massacre had never been invented. But it is doubtful whether, without the driving force of a fanatical lust for vengeance, Cromwellian England could have carried out so thorough an Irish policy as in fact it did.

The documents in the present book, though they are concerned with the officialism rather than with the violence of the Cromwellian régime in Ireland, enable us to realise in detail the "Hell or Connaught" policy as it presented itself to the minds of the Commissioners of the English Parliament in Ireland. Mr. Dunlop tells us that they form part of a collection which he made many years

ago, "when I had it in mind to write a history of the Commonwealth in Ireland." Students of history will be grateful to him for publishing so valuable, if by no means vivid, a mass of material. His book is the most useful on its period since Prendergast—the most remarkable contribution to Irish "colonial" history, perhaps, since Lecky. Especially piquant are the documents which discuss plans for transplanting the refractory "Ulster Scots" from Ulster into more southern counties and putting loyal English settlers in their place. The letters of the Commissioners throw an extraordinarily clear light on the methods by which Catholicism was to be rooted out of Ireland, and several of the documents are concerned with the dispatch of shiploads of Irish men and women to the Barbados and the American plantations in punishment for their native wickedness. We trust that it will not be long before some historian with the necessary insight and knowledge, taking advantage of these and other materials, gives us a really full and human picture of Ireland in the years immediately before and after the Insurrection of 1641.

A SOUL.

"*Rahel Varnhagen.*" By ELLEN KEY. With an Introduction by HAVELOCK ELLIS. Translated by A. G. CHATER. (Putnam. 6s. net.)

LOYALTY to the time-spirit is the hardest virtue of middle age. After efforts and fatigue we settle down comfortably to the fireside, and the first faint taps of the younger generation fall on our doors unheeded. Suddenly, woodwork splinters, bolts fly out—the Philistines are upon us, and our world is shattered to fragments. Such at present is the fate of the despised Victorian straining weary eyes at the furious contortions of the twentieth century. Vain is the effort to keep pace. Cubism turns grey hairs greyer, rag-time makes small appeal to the rheumatic, and a tired soul is ill at ease in an evolution eternally on the make. At such moments of discouragement it is tempting to embrace the fallacy of a departed golden age. We fly in imagination to the Renaissance or the Athens of Pericles, or even—should we seek a more direct contradiction to all that the present day admires—to the Court of Weimar during the first thirty years of the nineteenth century. The Muses to-day have deserted Helicon for the more sociable level of the slums, and Truth, hurled from the Absolute to the bosom of the plain man, is forced to "work," like any charwoman, or perish. But in the age and person of Goethe, both poetry and philosophy reigned supreme. Here, for once, was a prophet honored in his own country, a sage who escaped persecution, a poet who died rich and full of years. Surely the jealous gods were asleep in dreamy Germany! The age, we feel, was no less magical than the man.

The prejudice is scarcely weakened as we lay down Miss Ellen Key's interesting memoir of Rahel Varnhagen. A Jewess, possessing neither wealth, beauty, nor accomplishments, she was yet the great, unique "Rahel," the most admired woman of her time. To her garret in Berlin, both in her girlhood, and later at an age when to be unmarried was social failure, came all the finest minds of the day. Goethe said of her: "She is a girl of extraordinary intellect, who is constantly thinking and full of feeling—where can one find the like? . . . She is what I might call a beautiful soul." Gentz wrote to her: "Do you know the reason why the relation between us is such a perfect one? I will tell you—it is because you are an infinitely productive and I am an infinitely receptive being. I am the first of women, . . . you are a great man." And her own verdict on herself is no less eulogistic than convincing: "I am as much alone of my kind as the greatest manifestation here on earth. The greatest artist, philosopher, or poet is not above me. We are of the same element, of the same rank, and are fellows."

What was Rahel's claim to eminence? She did nothing. She neither wrote, played, nor painted, took no active part in politics or social work, never addressed a meeting or sat on a committee in her life. She had nothing but her soul. Hers was that quality, always rare and delicate, that succeeds with difficulty, and is only admired by those that have been

trained to seek it. A century earlier or later and Rahel would have remained unknown. But "Gemuth" was the keynote of romantic Germany.

In spite of her originality, Rahel was the true child of her age. Although their later severance from Goethe and their final reaction to Catholicism completely alienated the Romantic School from Rahel's sympathies, yet Gentz was in the right when he said to her: "You are romanticism itself; you were that before the word was invented." An ardent disciple of Fichte, she had all the prevalent belief in the divinity of the Ego; like the heroines of Novalis, she spent her life in unavailing pursuit of the "blue flower." Nor was a tinge of the morbid—the great vice of the Romantic School—entirely outside her comprehension. Under the influence of a strong curiosity concerning all manifestations of life, she confesses that, ever since childhood, she had had "the greatest desire to look upon corpses." Her sane and courageous defence of suicide (described by Ellen Key as pre-Nietzschean) found the fullest expression in the determination of Novalis to make of his death a "free-will offering." For love, as well as for religion, she claimed the most perfect freedom. It was her fate to know love with an intensity of tragic passion; and a regret that she never completely surrendered herself is expressed indirectly in a letter to Pauline Weisel: "There is this difference between us: you live everything, since you have had courage and fortune; I imagine most of it, since I have had no fortune, and was not given the courage to force my happiness from fortune, to pluck it out of her hands. . . . Nothing is so holy and true and so direct a gift of God as a genuine attachment; but this will always be resisted in deference to an approved cipher. We allow ourselves to be burdened with what is most foreign to us, and thus our true selves are lost." With the lovely Pauline Weisel, mistress of Prince Louis Ferdinand and many others, the serious, devout-minded Jewess felt the greatest sympathy. "I never found anyone deeper, truer, clearer," she writes; and it was her fancy that "great, dark, bright Nature intended to make one being of us, but had to make two." "Therefore," she adds, in an illuminating off-hand phrase, "she acts for me."

But the most romantic note in Rahel's character was her passionate cult of Goethe. "I grew up with him, idolised him boundlessly," she writes. "A new volume was a festival with me." Her garret in her father's house was her mausoleum, where she "lived, loved, suffered, rebelled, learned to know Goethe." To a friend in trouble she recommends "Wilhelm Meister" "to read as others read the Bible." On her death-bed, the last words she reads and writes are of him; and it is her final confession that "when all is said and done, he truly flows in my blood." Many and gifted as were the devotees who worshipped round their god, Rahel's claim to have been the first and best is perhaps not exaggerated.

In Rahel, Ellen Key is not content to see merely the perfect disciple; she finds in her besides a spark of the prophetic fire. The title of pre-Nietzschean is open to some question; yet, if some of Nietzsche's ideas were not unknown to the Romantics, it is to Rahel's credit that they found in her so clear a voice. She speaks of herself as "born noble," as being "wounded in her nobility," with all the true Nietzschean ring; her praise of courage and contempt for the "slavish" virtue of patience, and her advice to Varnhagen at a difficult moment to "have no conscience," mark her affinity to the prophet of the dangerous life. And when she says of a highly gifted person: "He is so far in advance with his ideas that it can no longer be a question whether he is good or not; this lies far beneath him," we might be turning a page of "Beyond Good and Evil."

The key to Rahel's greatness is not, however, to be found even in the most advanced of her opinions. It lay in her individuality. She possessed that extraordinary unity of mind and feeling, that perfect connection and co-operation between all her faculties, that makes a character unique. Hers was the simplicity, the almost terrifying sincerity of Shelley. "Savage," as she calls herself, it is the vital honesty of her nature that makes her so "innocent" in her thinking. Such a nature has nothing to alter or destroy, it has only to grow. Unlike most, she did not attain wisdom by a series of mistakes; she was born (to use her own expression) "Goethe-ripe." Hence her easy and perfect rectitude, her trust in the judgment of the heart.

"The more I see and meditate upon the strivings of this world, the more insane it appears to me day by day not to live according to one's inmost heart. To do so has such a bad name, because simulacra of it are in circulation. . . . But pure as the seed-leaf of an almond is the inmost, true desire; what is sensitive is also holy."

Except for two unhappy love-affairs, her marriage, late in life, with Varnhagen, and her many remarkable friendships, Rahel's career was uneventful. It was, however, in "being" that she excelled. The purely subjective nature of her bent, on which Ellen Key insists, was in harmony with the age in which she lived. Whatever may have been the errors of Romanticism, it had the merit of concentrating the energies of the best intellects on what was purely spiritual. We are reaping, with our cult of instinct and affectation of brutality, the fruits of our forefathers' spiritual excesses. Rahel had only to pluck the flowers.

THE ADVANCE OF LIBERALISM.

"A Short History of Liberalism." By W. LYON BLEASE.
(Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

Most persons have passed, at one time or another, through a delightful youth when politics and politicians were surrounded with romantic associations. Every combatant on one side was an angel of light; every combatant on the other was a creature of darkness. Even the names of sympathetic politicians possessed a sweet and magical music, illustrating the beauty of their lives and characters, whereas the names of their opponents had something sinister and repulsive in their ring. In this phase, the enthusiast would testify at the stake to the chivalry of his own leaders and the essential brutality of their adversaries, to the conviction that Mr. McKenna has wings and Mr. Bonar Law horns and a tail. Politics seem to be a life-and-death struggle between knights and monsters. This mood lasts some men a lifetime, and, at the age of eighty, Coke of Norfolk took his infant son, like a young Hannibal, upon his knee and adjured him never to trust a Tory. For most people, disenchantment comes sooner than this. Experience of life brings a more sober appreciation of men and of history, and the more the party system prospers and develops, the more politicians must lose this glamor. In some cases, indeed, as we know, the reaction will carry one to the extreme point of believing that all politicians are rogues together.

A history of Liberalism written from the first point of view would whitewash every Liberal blunder and every Liberal crime. It has before now been observed with amusement that a Whig historian who declaimed against the Tory brutalities of 1819 thought the Whig brutalities of 1830 nothing more than a just and merciful vindication of the law. A history written in a cynical spirit from the other point of view would set out all the most flagrant violations of Liberal principles of which Liberals have been guilty as if they were the main part of the history of Liberalism, and very entertaining history it would be. Some Liberal Governments would contribute more than others, but scarcely any Liberal Government would be unrepresented in the catalogue. For the truth, of course, is that Governments and parties are made up of men, and their policy is not some lofty expression of pure and crystal principle, but the treatment of actual affairs with varying degrees of wisdom and courage, unwisdom and cowardice. Each of the historical parties has inherited a general temper or disposition, but many of the most momentous things done by either party have been done in emergencies, and historical principles have played a very small part in the decision that was taken. The working principles of parties at any given moment are necessarily the result, in a great degree, of events and of the pressure of interests.

Mr. Blease, who has written an exceedingly interesting and instructive book, is a Liberal who takes pride in the achievements of Liberals, understanding the spell of historical associations and the special emotions that are excited by the battles and adventures of parties. But he realises that Liberals may act in the spirit of Tories, and that Tories may act in the spirit of Liberals, and members of his own party come in for some very sharp and damaging criticism. His book is really as he describes it—a reading of events in the light of Liberal theories and sympathies. He begins with the

reign of George the Third, when, as he justly says, modern parties had their origin. Liberalism he describes as a habit of mind, and he perceives a unity underlying "the constitutional Liberalism of Fox, the economical Liberalism of Cobden, and the new Collectivist Liberalism of Mr. Lloyd George." "The three men are alike in their desire to set free the individual from existing social bonds and to procure him liberty of growth." As Green showed in his lectures, and as Professor Hobhouse has shown more fully, writing forty years later, the teaching of experience has given new and wider significance to the conceptions of the earlier Liberals. Religious toleration advanced so gradually that, thirty years ago, there were men calling themselves Liberals who refused to let Bradlaugh enter the House of Commons. On the question of the franchise the Liberals of one age exclude this or that class, and when at last the doors are thrown open to all classes there are Liberals who exclude a whole sex. In economics and social problems the Liberal mood passes through a revolution if we compare the Miners' Minimum Wage Act with the ideas of Place or John Bright. We might study history as the history of men representing the different classes and interests that hold or acquire power, or as the history of ideas applied to concrete circumstances and events that demand a solution, moulding events and simultaneously undergoing a transformation. Mr. Blease's book is a study of the action and reaction of ideas and circumstances. The fundamental characteristics of Liberalism, as he understands them, he states in a passage which distinguishes the Liberal from the Socialist, as well as from the Tory temper:—

"The Tory looks down from the institution to the man, the Liberal up from the man to the institution. To the Liberal, the State and all other institutions within it are things of flesh and blood, they are so many expressions of human society, associations of human beings for their own human purposes. To the Tory, the institution is a machine, its efficient working is everything, and it is the duty of the individual to subordinate himself to that object, whether his own interest is served by it or not. The Liberal says 'The State is made for man, and not man for the State.' The Tory reverses the dogma, and even when he pursues the good of individuals he pursues it rather in order to make them better soldiers or workers—that is to say, better servants of the State—than to make them better in themselves. Democratic government to the Liberal is an essential condition of the free growth of the soul. To the Tory, if he believes in it at all, it is a piece of efficient political machinery. 'What use can the State make of this man?' asks the Tory. 'What use can this man make of himself?' asks the Liberal. The Tory theory is expressed in terms of duties, the Liberal in terms of rights. The disposing mind is at the back of the one, the encouraging mind at the back of the other. The Tory finds the good of the individual in the strength of the State. The Liberal finds the strength of the State in the good of the individual."

The great stress laid on individual rights here is the result, if we mistake not, of the encroachments on freedom that have marked the policy of the Home Office and the Law Officers under the present Government. Recent events have shown how imperfectly the essential lessons of Liberal history have been learnt by some Liberal Ministers.

Perhaps the most interesting thing in Mr. Blease's book is the success with which he shows that the Liberal anti-suffragist looks upon society in precisely the same way as the Tories who resisted the extension of the franchise. Mr. Asquith, in resisting women's enfranchisement last month in the House of Commons, dismissed the women's claim to a vote on the ground, first, that "democracy has no quarrel whatever with distinctions which nature has created and which experience has sanctioned"; and, secondly, that "there can be no such thing as a right conferred by nature, or even by universal expediency, to a purely artificial function to be exercised by individuals or by a class of voters." The only question raised by the demand of the unenfranchised for a vote is whether or not the people who possess political power think such enfranchisement desirable. That is exactly what the old Tories thought of the demand for the vote in the early nineteenth century. Neither Mr. Asquith nor Lord Eldon considered whether a governing class which makes laws for the unenfranchised, taxes their food, and now taxes their wages, has any right to withhold from that class the protection which is given by the suffrage. Mr. Blease's admirable book would have been strengthened if he had dealt rather more fully with the fate in history of the unenfranchised classes,

and the extent to which the governing powers took advantage of their helplessness. Nobody is now under the old illusion that a vote turns everyone into a statesman or a tyrant; but nobody, on the other hand, who has studied the simple facts of history is unaware of the truth that an enfranchised class receives different treatment from its voteless fellows.

A THRACIAN BOASTER.

"The Rhesus of Euripides." Translated by GILBERT MURRAY. (Allen. 2s. net.)

ONE does not know why Professor Murray should have chosen the "Rhesus" as the next in his great series of verse translations. Even the authorship has been doubted from the times of the Alexandrine critics, and though Professor Murray inclines to think it an early work of Euripides, perhaps adapted by his son, he tells us that most scholars still suspect an imitative drama belonging to the century later—a kind of Wardour Street forgery. If we take the translator's reasons as conclusive, and assume that the plot and nearly the whole text as it stands are the work of Euripides himself, it is at all events clear that this is not one of his great dramas. It may be a slight and early work—perhaps one of the pro-satyrical plays, as Professor Murray suggests—containing touches that one might call "Euripidean" if it was certainly known to be by another poet. But it is very short; it is a queer mixture of melodrama and epic; it follows the Homeric story with undramatic exactness; and it contains little of the ironic laughter and pitiful humanity so abundant in the pathetic farce of "Alcestis," itself probably a pro-satyrical play and certainly the earliest of the poet's dramas now remaining. Still, there it is. We can spare no single word that has come down to us from Greece, and we are grateful, as so often before, to our own poet who, more than anyone else, has revealed to English people the inherent beauty of an Athenian dramatist once despised by the academic.

As we said, this drama follows Homer very closely. It is little more than a dramatic paraphrase of the Tenth Iliad, and that is the cause of its chief weakness. The interest is dissipated between two motives—the cunning of the Trojan spy and the destruction of the Thracian hero. The play opens with a scene of general exultation among the Trojan pickets. It is night, and the twinkling of the Greek camp-fires makes them believe the Greeks are retiring with their ships. Even Hector is deceived, but by the warning of Æneas is persuaded to send a spy to investigate. Disguised as a wolf, Dolon ambles off on all fours to sniff around the Greek encampments. In the Iliad we are then told how he fell in with Odysseus and Diomedes on the way, was hunted down by them, as a hare is hunted by the fangs of dogs, and how his disguise was hung on a tamarisk tree, and afterwards in the stern of Diomedes's ship. In the play he absolutely disappears. Odysseus and Diomedes, entering the Trojan picket line, say they are carrying his "tokens," which we suppose to be the wolf-skin. Professor Murray, in one stage direction, makes them hang it on Hector's tent, and, in another, at the end, makes Hector contemplate it and cast it aside without a word. Like all stage directions in Greek drama, these are entirely conjectural, and, in this case, they seem rather fantastic. But, at all events, when once the were-wolf, Dolon, has trotted away, he disappears from the play, and except that he betrays the watchword to the two Greek spies, he has no more interest for us.

Hardly has he gone, when the second, entirely separate, motive is sounded by a shepherd who announces the approach of Rhesus with his Thracian host. His description, followed by the clashing entrance of the semi-barbarian hero himself, makes the most striking scene in the play, and must have been especially interesting to an Athenian audience in the years when Athens was, with great difficulty and loss, establishing along the Thracian coast the Greek settlements which are now again causing so many searchings of heart. The shepherd tells how, with his mates, he ran away at the noise of the Thracians marching, for he supposed them to be Greeks till he heard the Thracian tongue, and, knowing it, called to one of the scouts:—

"He told me what I sought, and there I stood
Watching; and saw one gleaming like a God,
Tall in the darkness on a Thracian car.
A plate of red gold mated, like a bar,

His coursers' necks, white, white as fallen snow.
A carven targe, with golden shapes aglow,
Hung o'er his back. Before each courser's head
A Gorgon, to the frontlet riveted,
With bells set round—like stories that they tell
Of Pallas' shield—made music terrible.
The numbers of that host no pen could write
Nor reckon; 'tis a multitudinous sight,
Long lines of horsemen, lines of targeteers,
Archers abundant; and behind them veers
A wavering horde, light-armed, in Thracian weed."

It is a fine picture of a barbaric host, gleaming and fluttering through the night. The barbaric hero himself is drawn with a broad, melodramatic touch. Son of the River Strymon and the Muse of Thracian mountains, he is greeted by the Trojan sentinels in a beautiful and Euripidean song:—

"We hail thee, Fruit of the River's seed,
Young Zeus of the Dawn, on thy starry steed.
O ancient City, O Ida's daughter,
Is God the Deliverer found indeed?"

Rhesus himself has no doubt of his godliness and power to save. The Athenians always loved to hear a barbarian boast, and when Hector reproaches him for coming so late in the war, Rhesus replies that he had been kept, first by the slaughter of the Scythians, and then by a winter campaign in the Black Sea; but now that he had come, he would make a short job of Greeks:—

"Long I have been, but not too long
To save thee yet. Friend, this is the tenth year
Thou laborest on unceasingly, with no clear
Vantage; day creeps by day, and Ares throws
The same red dice for thee and for thy foes.
Now, hear my vow. Before one day's eclipse
I swear to break their wall, to burn their ships
And slay their princes. On the second day
I leave this soil and take my homeward way,
Thy pains relieved."

That is the sort of talk that Athenians and the ironic Gods loved to hear. That very night Odysseus and Diomedes pass through the sentries, slay the boaster in his sleep, and steal those radiant horses. That is the main motive in the tragedy—doom mocking a mortal who is too cock-sure. But there are many minor points of greater interest to ourselves. There is the character of Hector, so like the Shakespearean toy-king, Henry V. There is the peculiar scene of Athene appearing with good counsel to her beloved Odysseus, and then assuming some of Aphrodite's charming attributes, in order to mislead Paris. There is the fresh and vivid converse of the pickets, counting their watch by the moving Pleiades and other stars, suddenly hearing the nightingale, and then the pipe that calls the sheep in the morning. Indeed, the whole dialogue of the pickets is very "modern," giving us a glimpse of real soldier-life in Greece. And then there is the beauty of the final scene, when the Muse herself comes to bear away the body of her beautiful, gallant, but too loud-spoken son. She laments the woe of universal motherhood. "Oh fleshly loves," she cries, as she vanishes:—

"O fleshly loves of sad mortality,
O bitter motherhood of these that die,
She that hath wisdom will endure her doom,
The days of emptiness, the fruitless womb;
Not love, nor bear love's children to the tomb."

If that is an imitation of Euripides, it is a very good one, and very deliberate. But what poet, except Euripides, of ancient time, or of modern either, could thus have put himself in accord with the longing and the sorrow of womanhood? So it is throughout the play. In the midst of its faulty construction, its triviality, and melodrama, we are now and again brought up against a passage that compels us to exclaim: "That is, indeed, the finger of the master."

A WEST AFRICAN NOVEL.

"The Dominant Race." By W. H. ADAMS. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

Now and again a modest tale appears which lets one into the secret of the Englishman's prestige in handling colored races and of his practical genius in colonial administration. John Hilary and James Brown, the two "District Commissioners" in Mr. Adams's novel, who foregather in a town on the Gold Coast, are typically British in temperament and conduct, and the sequel shows how an untrained youngster, fresh from home, may pull through by force of character, despite

the handicap of his conceit and inexperience. The drama opens in Simpah, a coastal "district" "the size of a couple of English counties," which is ruled by a solitary Commissioner, the nearest white man being thirty miles off. John Hilary, "a salted official," who has served for fourteen years, is valued by the Governor, because disturbances never occur in his districts, and because he is inured to the climate. But when the steamer lands James, the pink-cheeked youngster sent from Accra to relieve him, Hilary is sardonic and sulky, first, because his leave is over-due, and, secondly, because "he viewed with disgust the prospect of spending another month with a new man who would have to be dry-nursed and taught everything." James, who is self-satisfied and sublimely ignorant, doesn't realise that his taciturn, sallow-faced senior, who appears slack and indifferent, is a man who gets things done by a system so perfected that his administration runs by the mere force of his will. The contrast between the new broom and the old is well shown in their treatment of the kings and chiefs of the district. Hilary lets these potentates sit and wait outside the fort for an indefinite period, and finally abuses them and "tells them to go away and mind their own trumpery affairs, with a few lurid warnings against breaking the Queen's peace thrown in." But James treats them with ceremonious affability, and with his interpreter and police, all dressed in their best clothes, receives them in court in full palaver, and investigates their petitions at exhaustive length. Hilary's brusque method of ruling is perhaps best exemplified in the scene where Corporal Midda gets drunk, barricades himself in his house, and threatens to shoot any man who interferes with him.

The sergeant, in spite of, or perhaps because of, his terror of Hilary, became prolix.

"It would appear, sah," he explained, "that misfortune has met the corporal. This day he went to wash in the sea, and a billow removed his trouser. Now he has only one trouser, and the Government will make him pay for the one the sea stole. Therefore he is making fetish and crying for the fetish to help him. Also, he is drunk!"

"Why the devil don't you stop him?" said Hilary. "He will disturb the whole place!"

Corporal Midda, hearing the voices outside, bestirred himself. He hummed and chanted and danced and buzzed like a great bumble-bee in a bottle. It seemed quite likely he would arouse the town.

"Break down the door and pull him out at once!" Hilary ordered.

"It would appear, sah," said the sergeant, his face growing grey with fear, partly of Hilary, partly of the buzzing corporal, "it would appear that he has his carbine. When I tell him to come forth and be arrested, he cries and dances. He says he will shoot everyone."

"Go in after him at once!" said Hilary. "Do you think the new Commissioner and I are going to stay here all night? Fetch him out!"

"Sah!" gasped the sergeant.

"Fetch him out, I say."

The sergeant shivered, but did not advance.

"Very well," said Hilary. "Now it is half-past ten. You will fetch out Corporal Midda at once, handcuff him, and put him in the small cell. You will report to me that it is done by eleven o'clock. If it is not, I shall hold you responsible. You know what that means. You will also bring Corporal Midda before me at half-past eight to-morrow. Come along, Brown."

James, however, after walking a little way, asks Hilary's permission to go back and manage the arrest himself, and, on consideration, Hilary thinks that James, being a new hand, "might as well show the people what he is made of, though it would never have occurred to him to risk his own life over such a triviality." All goes well, the door is broken down, Corporal Midda points his carbine at James; but the latter walks up to him and takes the carbine away. While Hilary's reputation is firmly established, so that no one expects him to risk being killed by a drunken policeman, James gains much kudos for his pluck. "True, he was held to be weak in not having killed the policeman; but that was considered, on the whole, an amiable weakness!" And Corporal Midda, penitent and sobered, is fined ten shillings by Hilary at half-past eight the next morning.

In the natural course of things, James would have duly taken over the district of Simpah at the end of a month, and Hilary would have returned to England for his six months' recreation of club life, race-meetings, theatres, and other London flesh-pots; but the author, having other plans for James, arranges a manipulation of "the plot." We sympathise with Mr. Adams. Plots are a nuisance, and the string

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on which he threads his picturesque beads is one that scarcely stands the strain of handling. Briefly, it turns on James's previous "solemn promise" to his *fiancée*, Marion, a beautiful Christian Scientist, not to take any drugs while he is on the Coast. Of course, James has a bad bout of fever in consequence, and is forcibly drugged by the irate Hilary and the doctor who is sent from Accra to take charge of him. The plot also exacts that through a natural mistake over Marion's photograph, which he takes to be that of James's sister, Hilary falls out with James, and when the Government leaves it to the latter's discretion to proceed forthwith to the dangerous Anum district, up-country, or to send James there to replace Captain Lynch invalided to England, Hilary follows the latter course. It is unnecessary to comment here either on Hilary's temptation, his bad faith to his junior, and his belated holiday in England, where he pays unsuccessful court to Marion. The interest of the story centres in James's fresh experiences at Anum, and the perils he runs in a backward district, which is "rotten with fetish," and is ready for "a general smash-up" when the old Priest-King dies. The hidden danger that now menaces the unabashed and conceited raw Commissioner is that his ebony interpreter, Mr. Emanuel, is a fetish priest in disguise, who has himself designs on the kingship, and is intriguing with the Ashantis to revolt against the English. The police officer, Sergeant Akuffoo, is also a traitor, and James, moreover, has only two Kroo boys, "Ben Jonson" and "Duke of Fife," who bolt for the coast when the trouble begins. But James has the luck on his side, and his flirtation with the fair Ambah, the "white" daughter of a wandering high-bred Moor, who has been compelled to leave his child in the old King's care, proves his salvation. The simple scenes between this daughter of Eve and her "good white man" are most amusing, and Mr. Adams, in view of future novels, should ponder the fact that his hero seems more at home in the company of "a semi-savage girl" than of the correct Marion. Ambah, however, is made to reject the enamoured James's advances, and even his impulsive offer of marriage—and here, again, we grow suspicious of the exigencies of our author's plot.

Mr. Adams's artistic strength lies more in the naturalness of his descriptions than in his psychological force, and his pictures of the people and town-life of Anum, and of the great river, the Volta, have simple breadth and charm. Very good is the scene in Chapter XXIV., where James forces his trembling Kroo boys to paddle him up a foul-smelling creek, where he comes suddenly upon the evil negro fetish, "a great figure, made of clay, with a flat head, half fish, half snake, staring over the pool." It is the place of human sacrifice, and when, next day, the old King dies and the Kroo boys bolt for their lives, we feel with James that we are nearing the heart of the mystery. Chapter XXVI., which describes the seven days of funeral mourning for the old King-priest, when James, insulted by Sergeant Akuffoo and Mr. Emanuel, discovers that he is a mere cypher in the natives' eyes, and that his life is in danger, is a most vivid contribution to West African sociology—valuable, indeed, because of the author's sympathy with the negro.

Very curious and interesting is the account of the King's Messenger, the jolly, fat black baby, who has been in the habit of paying James an evening call, slipping in and out of his verandah in a mysterious manner. Ambah explains to the horrified James that at the end of the seven days the baby will be killed by the priests as a sacrifice. "That what she for! When the time of mourning the King be finished, she go to him. She tell him that all the people cry and mourn and do things proper for him. She tell him that his people not forget him." She explains that all the people love the baby, that "it have what it wants," but the inviolable custom of sacrificing it to bear the people's love to the King must be followed. James, now deserted by everybody, except his cook, Quashie, and his boy, "Small Robert"—for the inhabitants have all retreated into the bush till the seventh day has arrived—passes a terrible week; but he is determined to save the black baby; and, guided by Ambah along the fetish path at night, he succeeds in reaching the sacred pool and snatching the child, wrapped in a bundle, off the knees of the great idol. We have not time here to rehearse how James is saved in the nick of time from the fetish-priests'

wrath by the coming of a relief force of Hausa soldiers, led by Hilary, or of the latter's death in his successful rescue of Ambah from Mr. Emanuel's clutches. Truth to say, this ending is too providential to carry conviction, though the description of the burning of Anum by the troops; and the sharp fighting thereon, is done to the life. Mr. Adams has written a capital novel in "The Dominant Race," though in his next book he would do well to eschew all scenes of home-life, and keep to the West African atmosphere which he renders so well.

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The Week in the City.

	Price Friday morning. May 30.	Price Friday morning. June 6
Consols	74½	73½x
Midland Deferred	74½	72
Mexican Railway Ordinary	55½	53
Chinese 5 p.c., 1896	98½	98
Union Pacific	155	147
Russian 5 p.c., 1896	102½	101½
Japanese 4½ p.c. (1st ser.)	91	90½
Turkish Unified	86	86

THIS week has seen a severe slump in the Stock Markets, and, as is very often the case in either a boom or a slump, one particular security has been the weather-cock which the market speculator watches. This time Canadian Pacifics were the centre. Last week's selling of this stock, caused by the purely nominal decrease in net earnings, seems to have uncovered speculative accounts in Berlin, for the stock which "made up" last time at 248½ had fallen to 228½ on the last day of May, and went under 222 in the Street dealings on Monday. From this there was some recovery, but Wall Street came in a seller on Wednesday, and the price again went below 222. On Tuesday, the unexpected failure of a big firm of jobbers in the Foreign Railway Market was announced, and the stocks in which they were largely interested lost several points. Their difficulties, it appears, had arisen in connection with Cordoba Central issues, and, as a result, the shake-out in these stocks has been specially severe. Buenos Ayres and Pacific, Central Argentines, San Paulos, and Leopoldinas have also suffered as the result of the failure. There was some recovery when it was announced on Wednesday that a syndicate had been formed to take over the securities of the defaulters. Home Rails have dropped away, because a small bull account had been built up, in anticipation of a reawakening of public interest in them; but in every market the professional bull has been inclined to turn bear at the moment. This, in fact, is the real explanation of the general fall. As regards the outlook, there is no more reason for anxiety than there was last week, except that the new German Loan may be the last straw on the back of the German Money Market. Money over here is easy; but this is not the case in Germany, and the end of the half-year may cause trouble. The maturing of short-term notes of American Railways and Industrials, and the calls on new issues, undoubtedly constitute an important factor in the Money Market, but their precise effect is difficult to gauge. The short-term notes will no doubt be largely renewed, possibly at higher rates of interest; but the calls on new issues have to be met by the sale of present holdings, and the outlook for investment markets is not good. Trade is possibly slowing down, but some time must elapse before industry liberates enough money to help the Capital Market very much.

THE PRICE OF CANADIAN PACIFICs.

Last year, when Canadian Pacifics were strong at something over 250, the price was confidently talked up to 300 in the market, and the buoyancy of the stock was such that many really believed it would reach that figure. However, 291 was the best it touched, and since it was there the decline has been fairly continuous—one spasmodic revival taking the price up again to 255 a month or so ago. There were few, however, who would have believed it possible for "Canpacs" to come back to the neighborhood of 220 so soon. The reason, as I have pointed out above, is merely due to selling in Berlin, New York, and London—selling induced not by any bad news about the line or about Canadian prospects generally. At their present price, Canadas yield just over 4½ per cent. on the 10 per cent. dividend, of which 7 per cent. is paid from railroad earnings and 3 per cent. from interest on the land funds. Now, the 7 per cent. from the railroad is covered nearly twice over by net income, and the 3 per cent. from interest on the sums realised from land sales is well secured. As to the actual value of the remaining land assets, amounting to many thousands of acres, nothing is said. But this land appears on the Canadian Pacific's books at no value at all. It was a gift from the Government. The railway company set to work to develop this land, and it is now of great value. The proceeds of the portions sold have been used largely to build the line, so that its capital is very moderate. There is no doubt that it would have not

the least difficulty in earning 7 per cent. in bad times as well as in good. Canadian Pacifics are quite a good investment at the present price, for it is not to be expected that the price will remain where it is when the present unsettlement in the Stock Market has passed away. Of course, a crop failure, or similar disaster, in Canada might bring them below 200; but this possibility is hardly ripe for discussion.

THE SLUMP IN FOREIGN RAILS.

A week ago the persistent dulness in Foreign Rails was an enigma; for, as was pointed out in these columns, the excuses commonly alleged for the fall in Consols and gilt-edged securities generally, did not hold good in the case of Foreign Railway issues yielding comparatively high rates of interest. The real cause has become apparent this week in the failure, which I have mentioned above, of an important firm of jobbers in this market, with, it is stated, at least three-quarters of a million of commitments. Consequently the slump has been accentuated this week. The hammering of the firm referred to forces its creditors to throw a large amount of stock on the market at a most unpropitious moment. With prices as low as they are at present, the shrewd bargain-hunter may easily find his opportunity in the Foreign Railway market; and, although no immediate or startling recovery need be expected, some stocks are looking decidedly cheap as a result of the continuous decline of the last fortnight. The following are a few that may arrest the attention of the investor:—

	Price on May 1st.	Present Price.	Yield at Present Price. %
Argentine Gt. Western Ord. ...	99	94	5½
Bahia Blanca 5 % Guaranteed Shares	9½	9½	5½
B. A. Great Southern	126½	122	5½
B. A. Pacific	86	80	2½
do. 5 % cum. Pref.	104	103	4 31-32
Central Argentine Ord.	106½	105	5½
do. Pref.	101½	99	4½
Entre Rios 1st Pref.	91	88	5½
Leopoldina Ord.	73	70	5½
do. 5½ % Pref.	10½	10 11-32	5½
Mexican Ry. 1st Pref.	140	135	5½
do. 2nd Pref.	96½	92	6½
United Railways of Havana Ord.	89½	84	5½

There are some excellent yields in this list. Considering the wonderful earning capacity shown recently by two of the great Argentine lines, the Buenos Ayres Great Southern and the Central Argentine, a yield of 5½ per cent. on their ordinary stocks has considerable attractions, while a similar yield can be obtained with excellent security from Entre Rios First Preference. Argentine railway quotations have probably suffered to some extent in the last few weeks from the reports of the deficiencies of the maize crop in that country. But only one of the great lines, the Central Argentine, is dependent upon the maize crop to any very serious extent, and in any case the traffic increases to date have been so large that a few decreases can be faced with complacency. Mexico seems to pass from one disturbance to another, so that some degree of courage is needed by the purchaser of Mexican Railway issues. But it is safe to say that the situation in that country is at any rate no worse than it has been recently, and the yields to be obtained from the first and second preference of this line have advanced to a tempting level. The main advantage possessed by the Foreign Railway market at the present time is that the influences which have caused, and are still causing the acute depression, appear to be more transitory than those which are at work in other sections of the Stock Exchange, though as long as the general weakness remains so pronounced, no quick rise is likely. But the best stocks in this section can hardly remain at their present level for very long, and the investor who possesses a reasonable stock of patience is likely to be rewarded for giving a careful consideration to the claims of some of the issues in the list presented above. There are those who see in this week's failure the forerunner of more serious difficulties, but there appears to be little ground for such fears, and when the temporary embarrassments have gradually disappeared, Foreign Rails should be ready to respond to the first signs of the brightening of the general political and financial outlook.

LUCELLUM.

AUX CLASSES LABORIEUSES, LTD.

THE sixteenth ordinary general meeting of this Company was held on the 3rd inst., Mr. Dalziel presiding.

The Chairman said he thought the results for the year under review might be considered as entirely satisfactory. They covered a period which was fraught with disturbing influences, but they had the satisfaction that there was practically no difference in the net results for the year as compared with the balance-sheet ended in January, 1912. Mr. Jules Medard had been appointed general manager in Paris in the place of Mr. E. Debraine, who was forced to retire owing to ill-health.

The directors recommended the payment on the Ordinary shares of the usual final dividend of 5 per cent., and a supplementary dividend of $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the Ordinary shares, making a total distribution of $9\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and on the "B" Preference shares a supplementary dividend of 1 per cent., in addition to the fixed dividend of 7 per cent., which had also been paid on the First Preference shares.

Proceeding, the Chairman stated that they had been interested for many years in the business of Bloch & Behr, a more or less kindred concern. This concern had now been transformed into a new undertaking under the name of Les Galeries Universelles, which would start active operations in the autumn with goods of a different class and quality from those supplied by themselves.

The capital of the new company was £100,000 Preference shares, £100,000 Ordinary shares, and £85,000 First Debentures. The Debentures were covered by freehold properties in the Rue des Ours, the very fine premises which were erected on freehold land. In consideration of the payment to the Aux Classes Laborieuses of a bonus of 55,000 Ordinary shares, the Aux Classes Laborieuses would guarantee the capital and interest on the Debenture bonds, and also guarantee the Preference dividend of 7 per cent. on the 100,000 Preference shares for a period of 25 years. In addition to this, they obtained the absolute control of the management of the business, the directors for the time being of Aux Classes Laborieuses, being the directors in control of the Galeries Universelles, and, so long as any of the guarantees remained in existence, so long would the directors representing the interest of Aux Classes Laborieuses not be subject to the usual rotation for re-election. A certain number of the Preference shares were to be issued for working capital, but arrangements had been made that, as far as possible, these should, in the first instance, be held at the disposal of the shareholders in the Aux Classes Laborieuses company.

Concluding, the Chairman said he thought that, in spite of the unrest and generally troublesome times through which they had been passing in the earlier part of the present year, they might look forward to the future with full confidence.

After the Chairman had replied to some questions, the report was adopted. A vote of thanks to the Chairman terminated the proceedings.

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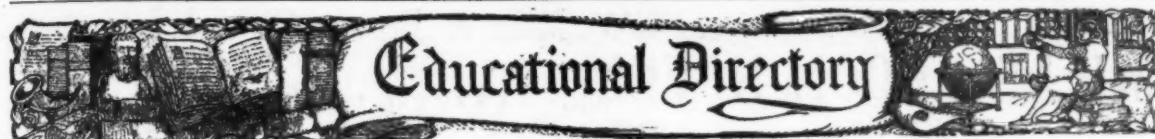
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